

IDA BROKE
THE HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY
of **GOLF** *by*
CHICK EVANS
and
BARRIE PAYNE

WITHDRAWN

FROM
Albion College
Library
ALBION COLLEGE LIBRARY

GV

967

E8

39284

STOCKWELL-MUDD LIBRARIES

GV967.E8

Ida broke



3 5044 00293 7263

The person borrowing this item is responsible for its return to the library on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Overdue charges accrue until the maximum fine is reached. Consult the library fine schedule for details.

A **minimum** \$50.00 replacement bill will be issued after the **maximum** fine has accumulated.

STOCKWELL-MUDD LIBRARIES, Albion College

NOV 11 1939

IDA BROKE

The Humor and Philosophy of Golf



DA BROKE

The Humor and Philosophy of Golf

By CHICK EVANS *and* BARRIE PAYNE

With an Introduction by

GRANTLAND RICE



Illustrated with "McDuffer" Cartoons

NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

IDA BROKE, THE HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY OF GOLF,
COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED :: :: PRINTED IN U.S.A.

FIRST EDITION

GV
967
.E8

THE AUTHORS OF THIS BOOK ARE DEEPLY THANKFUL
TO THE FOLLOWING FOR GIVING PERMISSION TO REPRINT
ITS CONTENTS: PUBLISHERS' SYNDICATE; THE AMERI-
CAN GOLFER; GOLFER'S MAGAZINE; GOLF ILLUSTRATED;
ASSOCIATED EDITORS, INC.

39284

To

JUDGE JOHN BARTON PAYNE

A DISTINGUISHED JURIST AND STATESMAN, A GREAT
HUMANITARIAN, A FINE GOLFER AND A LIFELONG FRIEND,
THESE LITTLE ESSAYS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION BY GRANTLAND RICE	xiii
I YES AND NO	3
II GREETINGS TO A GOLFING WORLD	7
III LO-THE-POOR-DUB	11
IV THE RELIGION OF GOLF	16
V PRESIDENT COOLIDGE DISCUSSES GOLF	22
VI GEORGE BERNARD SHAW TALKS ABOUT GOLF	28
VII MY FIRST TRIP TO GREAT BRITAIN	34
VIII JOHN GOLF STARTED SOMETHING	44
IX GIDDAP, PEGASUS	55
X MEMPHIS MEMORIES	62
XI IK HEBT GEHAD VIJF	68
XII MRS. MCGOOF TAKES UP GOLF	74
XIII THE MECCA OF GOLF	81
XIV THE GREATEST PEST IN GOLF	87
XV PRO AND CON	97
XVI MUIRFIELD AND THE AMERICANS	102
XVII GOLF ON THE ISLE OF DELIRIA	109
XVIII PING PONG AND PASTURE POOL	114
XIX THE JOY OF GOLF	121
XX REID TELLS A STORY	125
XXI THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH	130
XXII THE KNIGHT OF THE MAGIC MASHIE	135
XXIII EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GOLF IN AMERICA	140

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIV GOLF GAMBLERS	155
XXV CUPID ONE UP	160
XXVI GOLFSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE	168
XXVII AIRPLANES AND GOLF	173
XXVIII THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON	180
XXIX AUTO GOLF	186
XXX GOLF SCRIBE QUOTES FIGURES TO PROVE SOMETHING OR OTHER MAYBE	191
XXXI THE PASSING OF THE GOLF WIDOW	196
XXXII HOW TO INSULT A GOLFER	202
XXXIII HOW TO WIN A HUSBAND	207
XXXIV THE GOLFERS OF TOMORROW	212
XXXV WHY I SELDOM MARRY	218
XXXVI RUNNER-UP IN THE SWAMPBOGG OPEN	223
XXXVII GOLF PILGRIMAGES	228
XXXVIII WHILING AWAY AN IDLE CENTURY	234
XXXIX THE GOLF WIDOWER	239
XL FOLLOWING THE SUN	244
XLI THE KNIGHT OF THE MYSTIC MIDIRON	250
XLII ONE IN A TRILLION	255
XLIII THE HAZARDS OF GOLF	260
XLIV THE CADDIES' PART IN A MATCH	265
XLV ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLF	272
XLVI I WOULD A IF I COULDA PUTTED	277
XLVII DOCTOR BOGEY	282
XLVIII THE ANTI-GOLFER	287
XLIX A GOLFING PILGRIM'S PROGRESS	292
L HELPLESS HINTS TO GOLFERS	297

HERE'S WHY WE DID IT

A Foreword by BARRIE PAYNE

CHICK EVANS had just returned from the National Amateur Championship of 1927, at Minneapolis, where he annihilated the cream of the nation's amateurs until stopped in the final round by Bobby Jones. I dropped in at his office on La Salle Street to congratulate him and to make a suggestion.

"Chick," I said, "you've been going great all the year; you've got that stubborn putter under control at last; the public is expecting great things from you in the future, and right now is the time for you to publish another book."

Chick listened with his usual friendly politeness while I outlined my plan.

"The instruction angle has been overworked by golf writers but the treatment of the game in its broader and more interesting aspects has been woefully neglected," I said. "Now, why can't you and I join forces to produce a *new sort* of golf book—a book which will emphasize the humorous, and philosophical sides of The Royal and Ancient Game? The book might also include such bits of your own personal history and reminiscence as will be likely to prove interesting to the golfing public

—omitting everything technical, of course—anecdotes drawn from your own broad experience and human interest stories colored with your own poetic philosophy. I can furnish the golf humor and you can write all the rest of it.”

After a long discussion Chick finally agreed and this book is the result.

I considered myself very lucky to have so famous a golfer for my collaborator. Chick Evans enjoyed the unique distinction of winning both the National Open and National Amateur titles in the same year—a feat which has never been duplicated. This happened in 1916, and his score of 286 that year in the National Open has never been equalled in a national tournament of the United States. He became the National Amateur champion again in 1920, his victories with the Walker Cup Team are too well known to require comment, and the complete list of his titles would fill a volume.

But that is not all. Chick Evans would still be a great man if he had never touched a golf club in his life, possessing as he does, the courage of a warrior, the soul of a poet, the brain of a scholar and all the finer instincts of a true gentleman.

His writing ability is also worthy of comment. Chick Evans is the only famous golfer whose name appears in “Who’s Who,” and it is his literary talent, rather than his golfing prowess, that has won him this honor. The editors of “Who’s Who” accorded him this

recognition because, in their opinion, his writings will live as permanent and classic contributions to the History of the International Game.

And that is why, in seeking a famous golfer to collaborate with me on the writing of "Ida Broke," I went first to Mr. Charles Evans, Jr., universally known as "Chick."

The title of this volume alludes, of course, to the favorite alibis of the golfing fraternity. How many million times have you heard the members of your foursome growl, "I'd 'a' broke ninety but——," or "I'd 'a' broke a hundred easy as pie, if——," etc.?

INTRODUCTION

It would be difficult to find any better combination for writing a golf book than Chick Evans and Barrie Payne, the authors of this volume.

Chick Evans has not only been a great golfer for more than twenty years, with the widest possible experience over most of the golfing world, but in addition he has always had a pleasant and attractive way of telling his story in print. He has always felt the beauty and philosophy of the game apart from its competitive aspect.

Barrie Payne has for many years not only been a keen follower of golf, but a commentator who understood thoroughly its humor, philosophy and the appeal of its human side. Mr. Payne has always had the ability to make sharp decisive comments that tell the story correctly and vividly.

In this volume they cover a new and yet an extremely popular field of golf, and the combination is certain to attract and interest all lucky enough to use it in connection with the 19th hole.

GRANTLAND RICE.

IDA BROKE

The Humor and Philosophy of Golf



I

YES AND NO

By BARRIE PAYNE

“**G**OLF is a nuisance. It ought to be abolished by law.”

“Don’t be a sap. Golf is good exercise for——”

“—for the tongue and vocal cords, yeah.”

“Golf prolongs the life of a golfer.”

“Yeah, but why prolong the life of a golfer——?”

“It gets a man out into the open.”

“So does a war. So does a burning building.”

“It takes a soft, flabby office man and makes him hard and solid.”

“Makes him hard and solid above the ears—yes.”

“It’s wonderful recreation. It helps a man to get his mind off his business——”

“Yeah, he gets his mind off business and never gets it back on.”

“It helps him to relax.”

“I’ll say it does. He relaxes his grip on his work, his family and everything else except his golf.”

"And think of the social side of it. A golf course is a great place to make friends."

"Yeah, a great place to make friends—mad."

"And it's a game for the whole family. When you go to the golf course your wife can go with you."

"Yeah, that's a great advantage!"

"The happiest people in the world are found around a golf course. They're always in good spirits."

"—and it costs a hundred dollars a case."

"And golf is a splendid pastime for the young fellows. It keeps them out of mischief."

"Huh. The only thing it keeps them out of is church."

"You can't deny that golf is good exercise."

"It's good exercise for the caddie. He's the one that does all the work."

"And golf puts you in touch with big business men."

"I can be 'touched' by big business men without going to a golf course."

"What makes you so down on golf?"

"I took sixty-three on the first nine yesterday—that's what. I'm through with golf forever."

"How about a little game this afternoon at two o'clock."

"Make it three o'clock."



ALBION COLLE
LIBRARY

II

GREETINGS TO A GOLFING WORLD

By CHICK EVANS

May you drive as straight as the arrow flies
From the archer's hand thru the distant blue
With a rhythmic swing that's a joy to see
And a matchless, well-timed follow through.

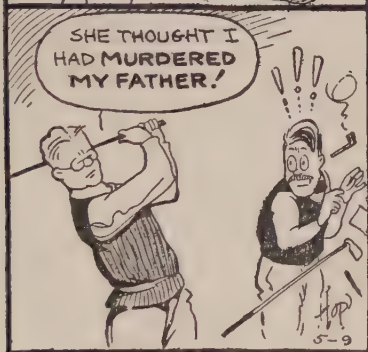
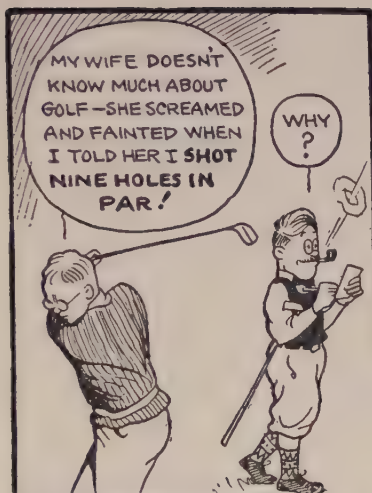
May your mashie shot seek the place you plan
And the gripping turf hold it firm and true;
And your long iron sail in the face of the wind
With never a wobble to trouble you.

From the edge of the green, or the two foot space,
May the putt glide straight to the waiting hole.
And the clear, sweet click in the little cup
Bring thrills to the heart and joys to the soul.

Just a perfect stroke and a perfect round,
And the joy of the golfer the whole match through
Just a blissful year with the greatest game
This is my golfing wish to you.

IDA BROKE

And whether we e'er find the perfect stroke,
Or the perfect round that we yearn to see,
There's the joy of the seeker the whole glad way
For expert, for dub, for you, or for me.



ALBION CO.
LIBRARY

III

LO-THE-POOR-DUB

By BARRIE PAYNE

THE theory that golf originated in Scotland has been exploded. Rumors that the Royal and Ancient madness had its birth in Holland have also been consigned to the ash can.

Who, then, were the original inventors of The Greatest Game In The World?

The American Indians!

A stone tablet recently unearthed on the Indian Hill course near Chicago proves beyond all doubt or question that golf was invented by The First Americans. A group of archaeologists have translated the inscriptions on the slab. Frequent references to golf are found thereon. The "rough" for example is called "The Unhappy Hunting Ground." The lingo of the links was too strong in places and melted large holes in the stone.

The records of a golf conference found on the slab are quoted below. The meeting was presided over by Chief Sit-And-Bull. Lo-The-Poor-Dub was recording secretary.

HEAP BIG CHIEF ALWAYS-IN-THE-ROUGH: Ugh! Heap rotten greens! Me scalp um greenkeeper with a niblick!

HEAP LITTLE CHIEF WITH-THE-BIG-ALIBI: Ugh! Too much water hazard! Fire Water on Nineteenth Hole heap good but hazard water heap bad! Ugh!

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: I don't see why you birds hav gotta scalp me. Whassa big idea?

CHIEF SIT-AND-BULL: Ugh! Paleface no good! Heap hook um tee shots. Too many Smiths anyhow. But cheer up and keep shirt on. No scalp um maybe—maybe burn um at stake.

POCAHONTAS: No scalp um, Chief! No burn um. Him heap sweet daddy for Pocahontas.

CHIEF SIT-AND-BULL: Flapper squaw heap much dizzy in the bean. No like um squaw anyhow. Slow squawsome wreck um game.

HEAP BIG CHIEF FOUR-PUTTS-TO-THE-GREEN: Me scalp um Chief Slice-To-Hellangone. Him rattle um tomahawk, drop um peace pipe, yell at papoose caddie while I swing um war club at the ball.

HEAP-BIG-CHIEF LAY-EM-DEAD-TO-THE-PIN: Me heap par player, but no got um luck. No get um breaks.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: This bimbo talks like a white man. I feel more at home now.

CHIEF SIT-AND-BULL: We got um big match with Skokie tribe for Fourth of July. We play better but they outcount us maybe. What's to do?

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: Lemme play, Chief. I learn



I HAD AN
EIGHT SO
I WON THE
HOLE!

YOU MOST
CERTAINLY
DID NOT
WIN IT! -
I TOOK AN
EIGHT TOO!

BUT I GOT
MINE FIRST!

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

addition from a teacher that counted on his fingers and only had one arm. There ain't no sixes in my language.

CHIEF SIT-AND-BULL: No can do. Him red man tournament. You paleface.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: I'll keep my face red all right. I'll tell myself some dirty stories and make myself blush. When I'm blushing I look more like an Indian than you look like a sap.

CHIEF SIT-AND-BULL: Make a silence, Smith. Make heap big silence. Me scalp um. Him named Smith. Smart guy, but named Smith. Why you no want me to scalp him, Poke?

POCAHONTAS: I want to scalp him myself. He said I was a wampum digger.

CHIEF SIT-AND-BULL: I don't like your talk, Smith. You no talk Indian. You talk Indian like Barrie Payne writes it. It sounds more like Chinese. You make me sick.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: The same to you with silver handles. Who says I can't speak Indian? I studied the Indian language in the barber college at Oxford. My professor, after teaching me Iroquois for three years, said I spoke the best Choctaw he ever heard. He said I talked Indian just like a native born.

CHIEF SIT-AND-BULL: A native born what?

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: A native born Swede.

And after that the massacre.

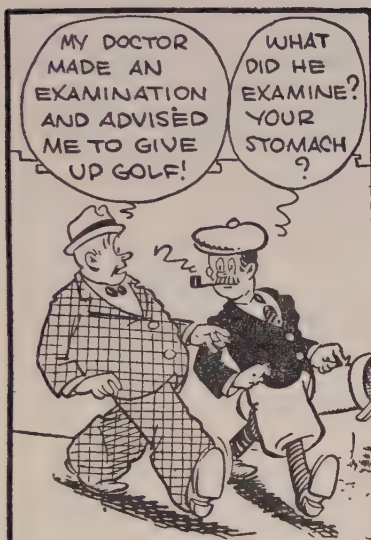
IV

THE RELIGION OF GOLF

By CHICK EVANS

WE are accustomed to look upon golf solely as a sport, an enchanting open air pastime; but to the most earnest among its devotees it is something more; it is an obsession of the spirit, a sportsman's joy and religion. The roof of its great temple is the sky; the trodden fairways are its nave and transept. The trees are like tall candles flaming green upon its altars. There are flowers, too, Nature's own votive offering, and little bushes from which ascend the smoking incense of the day's sacrifice. And always through the long summer's day the birds sing—an unpaid choir. This outdoor church has its bishops and its ministers, its priests and acolytes and the joy of its communion with all happy, natural things.

There is good reason why golf should stand forth with a certain poetic aspect largely denied to other sports. In addition to the spirit of competition common to all games, there is a contact with Nature, and a lack of artificiality—for one really could play a reasonably good



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

game with a crooked stick and a round stone along a sandy seashore where here and there interesting depressions might be found. We have complicated it of course, but in that simple statement lie all the essentials of the game. In Scotland, where, for all practical purposes, we know that golf began, it was first played over lonely stretches of shoreland with the sea sounding beside it. There the shepherds from the hills, the lairds, the artisans, the little shopmen had their games. They played in the long, grey Scottish twilights, and something of the feeling of the hills, and the sound of the sea, entered into the heart and soul of the players. Golf became to them a religion of sport—a game touched to the finer issues of the soul.

And golf has always this background of tradition and something of a grace of natural surroundings. The bending sky, a carpet of green grass, and almost always in this country, encircling woods. One stands at the tee and sees the velvet of the putting-green in the long distance. There lies the goal, the happy objective. Sometimes I have played in the late evening on a shadowy course with the trees breaking into the outline of the green, and as the little white ball—such a darting, tiny object—found its way from lie to lie, until it rested at last a mere speck of whiteness upon the dusky verdure surrounding the hole, I have felt the mystery of earth and sky and man's incidental relation to them.

There is something in the hushed stillness of a practice round in the early mornings, or the late midsummer

afternoons, that thrills and at the same time comforts. Surely the morning round of golf, made possible by daylight saving, strengthens a man for the trials of the work-a-day world ahead of him; and the evening round consoles him for all the weariness and injustices of the day. It is such experiences as these, possible only to the followers of golf, that give it a strange hold upon its players. Speed and excitement characterize all other games, and golf enjoys them, too, for in every game the spirit of competition must be strong; but no other sport can offer the mystic qualities of these lonely rounds where skill is acquired, and the quiet and beauty of the hour descends like a benediction upon the weary and world-worn.

But the religion of golf is not all mysticism, pleasant though the dream may be. There is something more indeed than a belief that joins the spiritual nature of man to supernatural things. The religion of golf carries practical habits and blessings. It means, in its best sense, honor and courage and kindness, endurance and loyalty, and a certain sort of charity.

The golfer learns to lose cheerfully, to recognize the good in the other man's game, to bear patiently the untoward chance that modifies all skill, to accept the luck o' the draw, and all the unpleasant happenings of competition, realizing the fact that every opponent cannot be a faithful devotee of the game, and that not every one, not even the most skillful, has caught the spirit of fairness that is the very breath of sport. Therefore it

often falls upon the faithful golfer to bear with the unfaithful, to suffer courteously with the discourteous. This is a hard saying, for golf is a game of studied rules and nice observances of careful etiquette, and this observance even extends to the sulky and sneering word. Only the seasoned golfer knows how offensive the other man may be. But herein continually lie the little observances that we must practice with religious zeal. We must bear with the unmannerly associate, with the cruel breaks, the unjust decisions, and all the better things that one constantly encounters in golf as in life. And just as a man's religion is meant to teach him how to manage the matters of his daily living, so will the religion of golf sustain us through the trials of competition. As I have pointed out there are certain mystic joys of the game, but there are the practical ones too, of courtesy, honor and charity—a trinity of virtues.

But beyond everything else there is a single virtue to which every sport must tend and that is the Square Deal. Without it the world of sport is lost—it becomes nothing but a juggling of dishonest wits. Therefore, let us walk circumspectly in the temple of golf and keep our bodies in constant training for the big tests to which they shall be called.

V

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE DISCUSSES GOLF

By BARRIE PAYNE

“**L**ISTEN, Cal,” I began. “On three or four occasions you’ve expressed your views on taxation, the farm problem, our foreign policy and other matters of comparatively small importance. Today I am asking you to outline your position on national issues of really vital consequence. Above everything else I want your views on *Golf*. But first let me warn you to weigh your words well. Remember that the golfers in this country represent several million votes and with power to sway millions more.”

“ ,” Mr. Coolidge replied.

“Are you in favor of abolishing the stymie?” I asked. The President expressed himself as follows:

Then I continued: “And what’s your opinion of the one-sixty-two ball? Should a lighter and larger ball be substituted?”

The President nodded. At least I thought he did. Then I decided it was just my imagination.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY
HAPPENED TO MIKE! HE
MADE A HOLE IN ONE
AND THEN LOST HIS
VOICE SO HE CANT
TELL ABOUT IT!



NEHER J.

(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors, Inc.)

9-16

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

"And now I am ready," I said, "to listen to your views on the steel shaft and the hickory shortage and—beg pardon—did you speak? Did you say something?"

My error. It was his chair. It had emitted a slight squeak.

"May I quote your chair as having said 'Squeak'?" I asked.

Silence, as per usual. (Probably he traded that chair next day for one more reticent and non-committal.)

"And what is your plan, if any, for placing golf on a more economical basis—for putting it within reach of the masses?"

His plan was this: ().

"A few clubs have been experimenting with cups six inches in diameter," I continued. "That isn't golf, according to my notion. That's basketball. What do you think? If you remain silent I shall take it for granted that you agree with me and shall quote you accordingly."

He didn't remain silent. He coughed—which left me in a quandary.

"Do you think the present system of handicapping, in vogue at most clubs, is unfair to high handicap players?"

By way of answer he simply repeated the replies given to questions A, B, C, D, E and F. (See above.)

"And what is your favorite golf club?" I asked. "Apawamis? Kinchafoonee? Baltusrol? Soangetaha? Youghiogheny? Dunwoodie? Meshingomesia? Skokie? Wyantenuck? Wanumetonomy? Tredyffrin? Teugega?"

Quinnatisset? Wykagyl? Shackamaxon? Onwentsia?" I jerked a knot in my tongue at this point and was too absorbed in the disentangling process to hear his reply, if any. I was afraid to ask him to repeat, so I rushed on to the next topic.

"Here's another question which I hope will prove less shocking to your finer sensibilities," I said. "The tendency today in every business and profession is toward specialization. The general practitioner in medicine, for example, is being replaced by throat men, stomach experts, bone specialists and so forth. Eventually, I think, this will apply to golf. Instead of the one professional who now gives instruction in all departments of the game, we shall presently have the 'mashie pro' who gives instruction in the use of the mashie, the 'brassie pro' to teach brassie shots, the 'number-two-iron pro' and so on. Do you agree with me, Mr. Coolidge?"

The President's head seemed to move diagonally—in a motion midway between an affirmative nod and a negative shake. But the motion was so slight that I couldn't be sure even of this.

"Ah, you agree with me," I persisted. "Silence gives consent, does it not? Or does it?"

"", replied Mr. Coolidge, after which he arose to signify that the interview was ended.

"Well, Mr. Coolidge," I said, as I shook his hand, "I certainly have enjoyed this. I've had a great time interviewing myself. May I quote myself as saying that

you were present at the interview? And may I quote you as saying——?”

“You may quote me,” the President broke in “as saying—‘*Good-Bye*’!”

VI

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW TALKS ABOUT GOLF

By BARRIE PAYNE

DURING my recent stay in London, I received numerous cablegrams from various American editors, asking me to investigate this and that, interview so and so, and write articles about such and such.

The last cable I received was as follows: "George Bernard Shaw is full of epigrams and wise cracks. Interview him and make him talk about golf?"

Accordingly I phoned for an appointment with the bewhiskered celebrity and at four o'clock the following afternoon found myself in the library of his pretentious menage in Upper Tooting. Mr. Shaw was fast asleep in a large leather chair in front of an open fireplace. His secretary, Mr. Whiffendyke, was present and gave me a cordial welcome.

"It is quite fortunate that golf is the subject of your proposed interview," said Mr. Whiffendyke. "Under the circumstances it will not be necessary to awaken Mr.

MIKE WABBLES HIS CLUB
OWER MUCKLE HE PLAYS
WI IS BODY AN NO W' IS
AIRMS—I DINNA LIKE A
BODY PLAYER—I LIKE
TAE SEE A MON LAT HIS
AIRMS GAE OOT
FRA HIM

WHAT ELSE
IS WRONG
WITH HIM?



AYE—'IS AWFU'
ACCENT! HE CANNA
SPEAK PLAIN ENGLISH!



(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors, Inc.) 9-23

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Shaw. He can talk about golf in his sleep. In fact he does it constantly, to the great annoyance of the whole household. He's—wait: He's beginning to talk right now!"

To my unbounded astonishment the sleeping G. B. S., speaking slowly in a drowsy monotone, began to recite a series of epigrams. And—marvelous and unbelievable coincidence!—they were all on the subject of golf. Mr. Whiffendyke took them down in shorthand and here they are:

"He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches. The world's champion slicer can always tell you how to cure a slice.

"Do not be in a hurry to succeed. What would you have to live for afterwards? If you could shoot every hole in one you'd tire of golf in less than a month.

"When a man has anything to tell in this world, the difficulty is not to make him tell it, but to prevent him from telling it too often. 'That birdie I shot on Number Ten—,' for example.

"May not this earth of ours be hell, and we all here to expiate crimes committed by us in a former existence? Ask the man in the sand trap.

"The unconscious self is the real genius. Your breathing goes wrong the moment your conscious self meddles with it. The same is true of a good golf swing.

"A golfer is a shark or a dub only by comparison. In Heaven an angel is nobody in particular.

"If we are better than our fathers, and our fathers

were better than our grandfathers, and so on back to the days of Plato, how is it that most of us shoot no better game than Plato could have shot?

"I no longer desire happiness; life is nobler than that. What I really desire is the ability to break ninety.

"If you begin by sacrificing yourself to those you love, you will end by hating those to whom you have sacrificed yourself. For instance, if you begin by sacrificing your Sunday golf for the sake of your wife——

"I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That's why the sight of Abe Mitchell or George Duncan makes me miserable.

"People always exaggerate the value of the things they haven't got. The man with toothache thinks he will be happy when he is out of pain. The dub thinks he will be happy when he breaks a hundred.

"It is foolish to assert that all difficulties find their solution in love. When we're in a sand trap you can use love and I'll take a niblick.

"The man who miscounts his own score usually counts yours. The liar's punishment is not in the least that he is not believed, but that he cannot believe any one else.

"Rationally considered, life is worth living only when its pleasures are greater than its pains; that is, never—for fairways are never more numerous than traps or rough.

"If experience could teach, the stones of London

would be wiser than its wisest man and no golfer would be a dub.

“A man’s mouth may be shut and his mind closed much more effectively by his knowing all about a subject than by his knowing nothing about it. The average duffer can tell you more about golf in an hour than Harry Vardon can in a month.

“If your old religion broke down yesterday, spend today in getting a newer and better one for tomorrow. The same applies to your old golf swing.”

(It will probably be a great surprise to Mr. Shaw when he learns that we caught him napping and took this interview away from him without his knowledge or consent.)

VII

MY FIRST TRIP TO GREAT BRITAIN

By CHICK EVANS

FROM the very earliest days of my devotion to golf, I cherished a great desire to visit at its fountainhead, and the spot I so regarded, it seems almost needless to say, was St. Andrews, Scotland. But any place in the British Isles I was convinced would make an interesting point of pilgrimage for a very youthful golfer with a reverent admiration for the shrines of sport.

It may be that one reason that I so longed to see Great Britain grew out of the call of blood, for I am of purely British ancestry, Revolutionary, of course, and I am very glad my ancestors came to this country; but there is something about Great Britain, in spite of its general dampness, that always gives me the feeling of home. It may be, too, that of later years there is the feeling of gratitude to the country that received so kindly an unknown boy who had crossed the Atlantic in a cattle boat to try his puny strength against their golfing giants. In fact, the graciousness of my reception was all the

The Beginner -

THE ADDRESS IS
VERY IMPORTANT
— BE SURE YOU
ADDRESS THE BALL
PROPERLY!

MR. BALL,
HOW DO
YOU DO?



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

more remarkable because at that time there was a great deal of ill feeling between the golfers of the two countries. I had not realized this myself then but had made the journey solely because the opportunity came my way.

Of course, when the desire to go to Great Britain first began to trouble me I recognized the fact that I had no money for the journey, but I have largely spent my days realizing the old adage: Where there is a will there is a way. So it happened that in 1910 some friends of mine who were connected with a stockyards packing firm said they could get me passage on a cattle boat if I were willing to do the work. I agreed rapturously; that I knew absolutely nothing about cattle had no deterrent effect.

It was 1911 before it was convenient for me to go. Now the greatest difficulty for the Northern golfer in the British Championship is the lack of Spring practice. He stops his golf in the autumn, and has no further practice until he reaches the other side. But this was remedied in my case by an invitation to play at the East Lake course at Atlanta, Georgia, where I practiced systematically for several weeks. Then I was invited to go to Pinehurst for the North and South Championship, which I won, and immediately after my victory I was asked by Lincoln Beachy to go up with him in an aeroplane. How many times I have gone up since! but then it seemed marvelous, and my first visit to Europe is always connected in my mind with Atlanta, Georgia; the

Championship at Pinehurst; my first aeroplane flight; and a voyage across the Atlantic in a cattle boat!

The last mentioned, of course, was the outstanding fact, and it required a great deal of temerity on the part of a boy who had never lived in the country, and knew nothing about cattle, to undertake to assist in caring for them. The terrors of the deep did not appal me, but my ignorance of what one did for the meat supply of England, whether on the hoof, or off of it, terrified me. A venturesome spirit, however, helped me along.

Before setting forth upon a voyage, Major Archibald Butt, military aid to President Taft, through the kindness of Mr. T. B. Paine, had arranged a game of golf for me with the President. On my way to Washington I learned that my boat would sail before the date of the match, but the President kindly received me and allowed me to tell him all about it. He wished me good luck on my golfing quest and gave me a letter to use while abroad.

The cattle boat sailed from Boston under the British flag. It was the *Caledonian*, belonged to the Leyland line, and was bound for Manchester. It carried an American cargo, 522 cattle, thousands of refrigerated chickens, and much corn and hay. The officers and crew were British, and so were the majority of the cattle gang, but the rest must have come from the four corners of the earth.

Before boarding the boat in Boston I had to sign papers and answer official questions. All went well until



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

my age was asked. In my innocence I told the truth. It seemed, however, that no member of a cattle gang *could* be less than twenty-one, so I immediately became that age. This little matter being settled I boarded the boat carrying my most precious possessions, a letter from the President of the United States and a bag of choice golf clubs. And the clubs had to be concealed, for I believe their presence violated certain rules. There were a great many rules I learned later. I carried other valuable letters, too, but one to the American Ambassador, and one from my father to John L. Griffiths, American Consul-general, I did not have time to present.

Soon after the boat pulled out we were ordered to line up on the after deck while one of the ship's officers called the roll. Then the foreman ordered us into our working clothes. Like most city boys I had done very little manual labor, and this boat I soon saw represented a man's world of hard work and rigid discipline. I wondered what was in store for me.

I discovered my official title was assistant foreman, but my duties were varied, and I was actually the engineer of the hoisting machines. Sometimes I helped to feed the cattle and did some work about the stalls, but this was mostly voluntary, and I always had the feeling that Charlie Ward distrusted my ability to care properly for cattle, and that duty after all is the *raison d'être* of a cattle boat. Still I managed to put in a pretty strenuous day, beginning about 4 A. M., and once when one of the men had been badly burned I went down into

the stoker's hole and saw the hardest work at sea; but on the whole things were not so bad, and I do not pretend to say that I was expected to work as the cattle gang did.

I really enjoyed my voyage, being one of those fortunate mortals exempt from seasickness. I saw more of the boat than I could have done on a passenger steamer, and the second engineer shed a faint light upon the Cimmerian gloom that enveloped my ignorance of all machinery and things nautical.

I found the foreman, Charlie Ward, very interesting. He was rather stout and believed that he resembled President Taft. He was a severe disciplinarian, with an extraordinary vocabulary of profanity. I have heard golfers swear in all parts of the world, but never one that could even approach Charlie Ward. Apparently the cattle gang was never off his mind, and after cursing them all day long he finished up the job in his sleep.

At first I had a berth in Charlie Ward's room, but his swearing in his sleep destroyed mine. It was perhaps worse for me because I had always had a room to myself, and after a few sleepless nights I was given one.

I kept golf as well as the cattle in mind, and each day I drove a few balls. My first attempt was made from the upper deck, and a beautiful wooden divot followed the ball far out to sea. Then, from the outcry raised, I did think that I had committed the unpardonable sin; but with diplomatic cunning I induced Cornwall, the

third mate, to try a drive himself, when, having become a partner in crime, he forgave me.

The first mate, in the interest of economy, had the ship's carpenter drill a hole through a ball, through which a string was passed and fastened to the deck. It was exercise of a sort and saved the balls, but I can't recommend it as practice.

On this cattle boat, as on the big steamers, the monotony was broken by passing ships, and I remember that the second mate photographed the *Lusitania*, a name that meant nothing to me then, but was afterwards something to be forever remembered.

Traveling on a cattle boat is a slow method of locomotion, but I enjoyed every day of it, even though it was two whole days after sighting land before we were able to place our feet upon it. We went beyond Liverpool and up the Manchester Ship Canal, and as we passed a golf course I drove a few balls onto the grounds. They were the first balls of mine to touch English soil, but I fear that driving them in that desultory manner violated a few other rules that ought to govern golfers with a temporary job on a cattle boat. But I, weary and travel-stained, looked out upon that fair, green country and found it good. I had no anxiety about the sort of game I might play in the big tournament. All I wanted was a pleasant sojourn in the land of my dreams, and from the first day to the last that wish was gratified.

VIII

JOHN GOLF STARTED SOMETHING

By BARRIE PAYNE

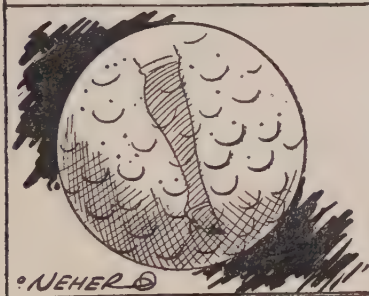
THE following history of golf was written during my recent stay at St. Andrews in Scotland. In my zeal to dig up the real facts every effort was spared and every stone was left unturned.

1492. A shepherd boy named John Golf is walking by the shore of the North Sea in Fifeshire, Scotland, about eleven miles from Dundee. The shepherd's crook which he carries accidentally strikes a round rock. The rock rolls a few feet and drops into a crawfish hole. This suggests the idea for a new game and John immediately begins to play it. The modern balls and clubs are developments of the original pebble and shepherd's crook and, in the hands of most of us, about as effective. John Golf being the discoverer of the new pastime, the game is given his name. This same year a man named Columbus also discovers something—I forgot what.

1493. John astonishes the golfing world, consisting of his two brothers, by driving a pebble the astonishing distance of fifty feet. One of the brothers attempts to



(Copyright, 1925, Associated Editors, Inc.)



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

duplicate this feat but tops his drive. John laughs. John would have been twenty years old on the following Tuesday. (Golfers took the game quite seriously in those days. You'll notice that a great change hasn't taken place.)

1495. July 3, the first bunkers invented. July 1, profanity invented.

1502. April 6, the first 5,000 rules of golf are written. April 7, the first 10,000 arguments as to their interpretation are held. Killed, 96; wounded 45.

1505. First ball lost by Scotch players. Scotland declares a week of national mourning.

1506. The first alibi is invented: "A dog barked while I was swinging." 10,000 more rules are written.

1510. The Nineteenth Hole is invented. The game triples in popularity within a week.

1512. A duffer named Knottworth Hellrume shoots the first hole in one. Overcome with joy, he tips his caddie two-pence extra. His Scotch friends take him to a brain specialist, fearing his mind is affected.

1520. July 12, the first scorecard comes into use. July 13, lying becomes an established custom of golf. 20,000 more rules are written.

1525. Sandy McDivot goes around in par and writes a book on golf.

1526. Jock McSand goes around in par and writes two books on golf.

1530. Joe McGregor shoots the course in one under par and writes five books on golf.

1535. Harry Cruikshank wins the first national tournament and writes a 30-volume library telling how he did it. He also starts a magazine for golfers.

1545. Jock Livingstone reads McDivot's book and his game begins to deteriorate. He reads McSand's book and his confusion increases. He reads McGregor's works on golf and can no longer hit the ball at all. He reads Cruikshank's magazine articles and loses his mind.

1550. The first golf joke is invented, about the Scotchman who, after twenty years of golfing, gave up the game because he had lost his ball. In the present year, 1928, this wheeze is still going strong in the humorous magazines and will soon be old enough to appear in vaudeville.

1557. Scotch golfers organize the Ida Club, the motto being: "Ida broke ninety today, but——." To determine the present membership of this club take half the golfers in the world and multiply by two.

1560. First chairman of house committee at St. Andrews elected, March 2. First chairman of house committee publicly lynched, March 3.

1570. A caddie finds the right ball and is knighted by the king.

1573. The Pro and members of the greens committee decide that the course isn't hard enough and build fifty more bunkers.

1574. The Pro and members of the greens committee decide that the course isn't hard enough and build an artificial lake.

1575. The Pro and members of the greens committee decide that the course isn't hard enough and build an artificial ocean. 659,097 more rules are written and passed.

1576. The P and ms. of the g. c. decide that the ten feet of fairway still remaining make the course too easy and build three more sand traps.

1580. Sandy Campbell, while playing a full round, breaks the course record by using only 64 damns—seven under par.

1581. First "Please Replace Divots" sign set up, April 2. A player named McGregor replaces one, September 10, and is awarded a silver loving cup for this unusual achievement.

1585. The joke about the girl who didn't know how to hold her caddie is invented. Still going strong in 1928.

1590. A golfer named McAndrews leaves the course early and reaches home in time for dinner. The shock kills his wife and seven children.

1591. Joe Livingstone loses a match and startles the world by saying, "I have no alibi. I had a fair share of the breaks and can't complain about my luck. My opponent is simply a better golfer than I and that's all there is to it."

1593. Picture of Jawn D. Lockefeller, Scotch financier made "on the links at St. Andrews," is published in the Sunday newspapers and every week thereafter for 57 years.

1595. The Pro, while giving a lesson, tells dub,

"Bring your club back like this—" and the dub does. The Pro drops dead from the shock.

1597. All members of a certain foursome reach the course exactly at the time agreed upon and the game is started without a moment's delay. See "The Miracle of St. Andrews" in any good encyclopedia.

1598. A player holes a badly topped mashie shot and astonishes his companions by saying, "That was just luck." 167 new bales of golf rules are written and passed.

1600. A visiting college professor plays around the course and arouses the envy of the members by swearing in 17 different languages. The club hires him as Assistant Pro to give lessons in plain and fancy swearing, with a course in advanced graduate work for the sailor members.

1602. The Pro and members of the greens committee decide that the course isn't hard enough. Accordingly all the traps are made twenty feet deeper.

1602. They decide that "This course is still too easy. A blind man could shoot it with a billiard cue and go round in par." So a perpendicular stone wall 400 feet high is built immediately in front of the first tee.

1605. A player named Joe McPherson takes an unfair advantage of his opponent and breaks a time-honored tradition of the ancient game by remaining sober throughout a whole round. He is expelled from the club "for conduct unbecoming a member."

1607. A new golf ball, consisting of a leather cover

GOSH,
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER
WITH
THAT
GIRL?

DURNED IF
I KNOW—I JUST
SAID "IDA,
YOUR BRASSIE'S
BUSTED"
AND SHE
BLUSHED
AND JUMPED
BEHIND THAT
TREE!



NEHERO.

(Copyright, 1925, Associated Editors, Inc.)

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

stuffed with feathers, is invented. When properly struck it travels the tremendous distance of 100 yards. First and worst golf poem is written: "The feather and leather, glued together, fly over the heather in all sorts of weather."

1609. Tom McDougall invents a self-replacing divot by crossing the rubber plant with Bermuda grass. The rubber in the divot makes it snap back into place after rising in the air. This same year, however, Sir John McIntosh corners the rubber supply for use in raincoats and puts McDougall out of business.

1611. Dr. Felix O'Fozzle, after playing his first game of golf, attempts to explain the science of the game in an address before the Medical Association. He says, "You gotta put a lot of dormie on the ball with a stymie-niblick, shoot a push shot with a mashie-divot, or use a backspin putter when you've got an unplayable lie on the tee." He was survived by a wife and two sons.

1614. The golf professionals start trying to explain just how a correct golf swing should be made. At the present moment they're still trying.

1617. Tim McDivot, aged 28, after wrecking himself physically and mentally in a vain attempt to learn golf, declares, "It's an old man's game anyhow," and gives it up. This particular variety of sour grapes is a crop which still flourishes in all climates.

1619. First set of inland holes constructed at Whifferdeen, Scotland. Public persists in calling this course "links" and at the present moment, in A. D. 1928, still

ignores the distinction between "links" and "course."

1622. First big argument over the stymie question.
Killed 13. Wounded 56.

1624. A Pro named Jock Morris sells a beginner only four clubs and tells him that's all he'll need for the present. "You can drive with your brassie to start with," he says. (The proof of this miracle is not thoroughly established, but my information came from sources which I believe to be reliable.)

1625. Charlie Smith finds a golf ball with a name on it, returns it to its rightful owner without making a single shot with it (proof on request) and is elevated to the throne of England under the title of Charles the First. (See H. G. Wells' *Outline of Hysteria*, p. 987 ff.)

1628. John Gaut, famous "Memory Marvel," memorizes the *Encyclopedia Britannica* from Aaron to Zylonite. Later grows more ambitious and tries to commit to memory all the rules of golf. But the rules make work too fast for him.

1633. Monument is erected at Edinburgh in honor of Charles McGregor who, after taking 110 strokes, reported his score as "One hundred and ten."

(Having outlined the development of golf for the first century and a half I must bring this document to a close. I'm afraid to go any further. The history of the royal and ancient game entered upon an Era of Profanity in the year 1640, and I fear the "d" and "h" keys on my typewriter would not stand the strain.)

IX

GIDDAP, PEGASUS!

By BARRIE PAYNE

Lives of duffers oft remind us
We can make our lives a crime
And, departing, leave behind us
Heelprints in the sands of time.

Maud Muller, on a summer day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;
She raked before, she raked behind,
But her golf ball she couldn't find.

I know an old player, a crafty old soul,
Who never takes more than six strokes on a
hole.

An excellent player? No, never and nix!
He always picks up after he has had six.

I sliced a drive into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where;
It sailed away like a curving rocket
And landed no doubt in the caddie's pocket.

To him that beats me I would say,
Oh gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
For I'll be back in form some day.

Father, dear Father, come home with me now,
You can't play the game and you'll never learn how.
And Mother's at home with her eyes full of tears;
She hasn't seen you for three or four years.

A golf paradox——
Allow me to spill it;
You can't lay it dead
If you try to kill it.

By that blind hole that marks the turn——
The flag on Number Nine unfurled——
'Twas there the bunkered golfer stood
And fired the damns heard 'round the world.

I hate this golfer, Alex Fry——
His talk fills me with pains.
He knocks a course that's hard and dry
Yet kicks whene'er it rains.

He was a silent, thoughtful man,
With nothing much to say.
But he took up golf and now he seems
To think he's Henry Clay.



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

He stood on the bridge till midnight,
And yelled till he split his face!
He'd driven across the water
And cupped the pill for an ace!

The toughest break I've ever seen——
Oh darn, oh woe is me!
My faultless drive was on the green,
My putt back on the tee!

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
What are they doing?—merchant, chief,
Wise man, dumbrute, grouch and fogey?
All out chasing Colonel Bogey.

Good and bad golf intermingie——
It's a fifty-fifty break,
But *my* birdies always happen
When no money is at stake.

The saddest of all
Sad fates, my brother——
To shoot from one trap
And land in another.

Hey, you!—Gentle Breeze!
Keep still, Babblin' Brook!
Pipe down, Swayin' Trees!

And you—Leaves that Dance!
Keep quiet—Old Grouch
Is takin' his stance!

Of all sad words,
By king or mutt,
The saddest are these:
“—but I couldn't putt.”

A stymied ball beneath the bough,
A caddy with the hiccoughs and a cow
Beside me mooing in the underbrush,
And Paradise were wilderness enow.

A “Duncan Model” Driver
Don't mean a durn thing
Unless you've got
A Duncan Model swing.

Many golfers are best with the midiron,
And some are supreme with the jigger;
Still others depend on the mashie
To score a Bogey-some figure.

Some players seem best when it's raining,
While others excel in a drouth;
But the average man, you're bound to admit,
Shoots much the best game—with his mouth.

He may duff easy shots with his brassie,
His driver, or any old thing,
But the tongue in his mouth—ah, wonderful form!
It wags an infallible swing!

X

MEMPHIS MEMORIES

By CHICK EVANS

TO me Memphis, Tennessee, is a city of pleasant memories, of beautiful women, delightful hospitality, and a fine golfing spirit. Perhaps I have enjoyed it all the more because I am part Southern myself, and something in me answers to the gentler speech and kindlier manner that we usually find below the historic line. A great uncle of mine, Douglas Rutherford, died fighting in one of the battles around Vicksburg, and my grandfather was wounded at Lexington, Missouri. The blood that they spilled for the Confederacy ought to give me something of a claim upon the South and its people.

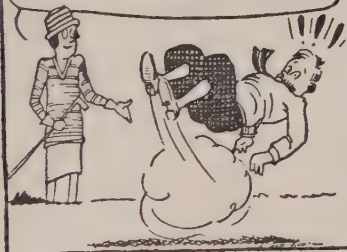
I cannot say that my first golfing experience in Memphis was calculated to foster my vanity, for one of my earliest recollections of the city was an exhibition match in which Mr. Jack Edrington holed the most marvelous series of putts that I ever saw. I do not believe that there was a greater putter in the country than he was at that time. His performance seemed all the more remarkable to me because the greens were of Ber-

THE BEGINNER

MR McDUFFER
WHY DO YOU NEED
SO MANY CLUBS?—
I COUNTED 18
CLUBS IN YOUR
BAG —



—OH— I KNOW—
ONE FOR EACH HOLE!



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

muda grass, which I found so stubbly that I could not even hole a one-footer. I learned later that they must be played with the ball overspinning, but even with that idea mastered I could not have played as well as did Mr. Edrington on the day I fought my battle with him.

There is another scene, too, that lives in my memory: It was during the Great War, and I was on a float with Warren Wood and others in the downtown district of Memphis, on the way to the Club for a Red Cross match, and from every window enthusiastic citizens leaned out and waved as they wished us the good luck that surely came to us that day, for it was a generous community.

As a matter of course, however, my most dramatic recollection of Memphis is my match with Bobby Jones in the Western Amateur Championship of 1920. The time was July, and when we of the Middle West heard the date announced we threw up our hands in despair, and most of my friends assured me that it would be suicidal for me to attempt to play golf in Memphis in July. Strange to say, however, the heat did not particularly disturb me, and had I been beaten I could not have established a truthful alibi by means of the weather. I did not begin well because I lacked local practice, and in consequence I was lost in the heap in the qualifying round, but I improved each day thereafter. Bobby and I were bracketed for the semi-finals and by the time that they arrived, each train was depositing crowds of Southern sympathizers to help Bobby along

the way. The Southerner is a loyal supporter, an optimist, and has the habit of backing his opinions substantially. He was not called upon very often, however, for Bobby had averaged under 70 that week, and our Northern friends are cautious; they also read the local papers.

It was the first time that Bobby and I had met in match play and I suppose both of us were suffering a few tremors. I admit that I was, for I have a very high opinion of the Georgian wonder. We both played rather carefully, sparring for time, and ended the morning round all even, but in the meantime, a most amusing thing had happened, which might have changed the morning round considerably. I call it amusing now, in the light of a happy ending, but it might have been tragic then. On one of the morning holes Bobby went wide to the right and I wide to the left, off the tee. Bobby was away. My vision of his shot was crossed by the gallery and over their heads I tried to catch the flight of the ball. Failing in this, I, following the usual custom, watched his caddie, who was a gigantic colored youth, wicked-looking, and an ex-pugilist. I was surprised to see the darky walking towards the green; and he kept walking and walking, I watching him closely to determine the sort of shot I should play. The negro walked until he reached the edge of the green where he stationed himself as a caddie does when his player has reached a spot on that favored bit of greensward.

I naturally supposed that Bobby's ball was on the

green and my only hope was to reach the green also. The shot was almost impossible, but I tried, hit the tree, and bounded back, and Bobby's ex-pugilist stood immovable. It was still more imperative then that I should reach the green. I tried again, hit the tree again, and kicked into a terrible place in the ditch. When I found my ball, I also found Bobby's only a few feet away. I lost the hole, 6 to 7—a triumph for the crafty ex-pugilist.

In the afternoon, however, chance favored me and I was soon rather far ahead, and then I fooled a little, something that no one can afford to do with Bobby Jones. Before I knew it I found myself 3 up and 7 to play, and then Bobby began ripping off miraculous birdies until we were all even and two to play! My second to the 35th was in a horrible trap to the left of the green, and Bobby was on the green in two. I looked at my ball, and at the green which sloped sharply at the spot where the best bunker shot in the world should land—and my heart sank. There was nothing to do, however, but to play the best bunker shot of my whole life—which I did—and it finished fourteen feet from the hole! Bobby had a three-foot putt! I holed mine!! He missed his!! And after that he did not have a chance in the world to win the 36th hole.

Is it any wonder that in spite of other lasting memories of Memphis, I recall it chiefly as the scene of this great match, and perhaps my last tournament victory over Bobby Jones.

XI

IK HEBT GEHAD VIJF

By BARRIE PAYNE

THE leading authorities are now agreed that the game of golf was invented in Holland. The Hollanders themselves break down and confess it. The Scotch developed the game but full blame for its origin has been fastened upon the Dutch. The game was called "kolbe" in Holland, but the Scotch shortened it to "golf" in order to save ink in writing the word. (Tight Scotchman joke No. 567,098,456, Series K.)

The original Dutch game was played on the ice and golfers have been all wet ever since. Ice is still considered a necessary part of the game, but only at the Nineteenth Hole. In the beginning a stake driven into the ice was used instead of a cup and a ball which struck the stake was "deemed to have holed out," as the rule makers would say. Later the game was tried successfully on land, with holes taking the place of sticks, and chronic punsters called Holland "Hole-Land," many violent deaths resulting.

Holland, being the home of dams and windmills, was



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

admirably suited to golf. Dams were an important part of the game from the very beginning, and wind-mills may be heard in any locker room to this day. The custom of lying about scores was also handed down from the Dutch. Holland was a low lying country, which accounts for the vast amount of low lying done in golf at the present time.

The present method of counting scores also originated in Holland. The Dutch equivalent for "I had a five" is "Ik hebt gehad vijf." If the Dutchman took a six on the hole it was "Ik hebt gehad vijf." If he had a seven it was "Ik hebt gehad vijf," etc. The Dutch language, harsh, guttural and rough, was especially suited to golf. Anything said in Dutch, including prayers, was bound to sound like cussing. The Dutch for "Tut tut" or "Oh pshaw" sounded more profane than "—— ———!" does in English. Or even worse than "—— ———!" And almost as bad as "—— ———!"

Perhaps the readers would enjoy some useless information as to why Hollanders abandoned the ice game. So here's the inside dope. They played on ice for a while but got cold feet on the proposition. In the first place it was hard to get a stance on the ice, especially in the wooden shoes which the Dutchmen wore. They sometimes played on skates, a custom which has survived, for the modern golfer still gets on a skate once in a while and sometimes twice in a while. It was no trouble in those days to "keep your head down." It

usually went down with a crash in the middle of the swing after which the surgeon spent three or four days reassembling the skull. Cracked ice wasn't so popular a factor in golf in those days. One game on the ice and the player traded his wooden shoes with silver buckles for a wooden overcoat with silver handles. Short items like the following were quite common in Dutch newspapers:

"George Von Zigger played a game of golf yesterday. He was a fine Christian gentleman and well beloved by all who knew him."

Stopping the ball on the ice was another great difficulty. If the modern dub on a sun-baked course can half top a drive and get two hundred yards think where the Dutchman's pill would go on the ice. He could play the ball to an ice green with the combined backspin of Jock Hutchison and Gilda Gray and the gol-blasted thing would nevertheless kick clear over into Norway. Waiting until the slowsome ahead got off the green was not sufficient. He had to wait until they got off the earth. Another trouble about the ice course—it was always just a wee bit wet, especially in the summer time. So the scene was finally shifted to the pits and bunkers of terror firma.

Lack of space forbids (writer's pet stall when lack of knowledge forbids) my giving a detailed history of the game in Holland. Suffice it to say that the most important match ever held in Holland was staged at Waterloo when Nap Bonaparte of the Corsica C. C.

(meaning Country Club, not Compound Cathartic) clashed with the Duke of Wellington. The match ended when Nap's gang drove into the ditch and his next niblick shot landed him on St. Helena.

The Dutchmen were great golfers in those days, and they still are. Ask Bobby Jones what happened to him at Baltusrol. (Horrible afterthought: Maybe "Von Elm" is a German name.)

Yes, Ethel, the game was invented in Holland and golfers throughout the world have been in Dutch ever since.

XII

MRS. McGOOF TAKES UP GOLF

By BARRIE PAYNE

WHEN I heard that Mrs. Griffin McGoof was in Europe I suspected something was wrong. I broached the subject to Griffin and asked, "Has something come between you?"

"Nothing but the Atlantic Ocean," said Griffin. I made inquiries, however, and found that my friend had filed suit for divorce. His grounds for the suit were based on the following sentences uttered by Mrs. McGoof (so the petition alleges) during a round of golf:

"—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. Eighteen clubs in your bag. Oh, I see! —one for each hole."

"What a shame you hit that drive so far. You've got to walk a mile before you can play any more."

"What a splendid idea! —having a flower box on each tee."

"Why did you yell 'Fore?' Oh, I see! You wanted all four of 'em to get out of the way."

"It curved into the trees. That's what they call a

foul ball, isn't it? Oh, no, I'm getting this mixed with football."

"Why do you say 'holed out' when your ball went in. You mean 'holed in,' don't you?"

"Heavens, you missed that one entirely. You ought to play with a bigger ball."

"What makes the man yell like that? Good gracious, was that his ball I picked up?"

"Why do you call it a 'one-shot' hole? You mean to tell me you can make that little hole in one shot?"

"What did you knock it in the creek for? That's not where it's supposed to go, is it?"

"How much does it count when you roll in the big sand hole?"

"Why does that man dig up the ground like that? Is he planting something?"

"What do you call this stick? Is this a brassie-niblick? —Oh, a mashie. That's a Scotch word, isn't it? What would it be in English?"

"You don't look very happy, dear. If golf makes you suffer like that why do you play it?"

"I wonder if—oh, excuse me. I didn't know you were driving. —Where did that one go?"

"Why don't you knock it close to the caddie so he can see where it goes?"

"My what a beautiful shot! Oh—it's on the wrong green, is it? I didn't know it made any difference."

"Do you count the short shots too—or just the long

ones? It looks like three or four little ones ought to count for one big one."

"Who is this Colonel Bogey? Is he a member here?"

"What do you mean by a 'pivot'? Oh, I know. It's a piece of turf. You're supposed to replace your pivots."

"Aren't you supposed to play these sand holes in regular order? Here's one you missed."

"I don't like your golf bag. The color clashes with your knickers. You ought to get either a new bag or new knickers."

"Oh, your ball hit the stick. How much does that count?"

"Is this the green where you shoot from? Oh, it's a tee. I thought you shot from the green and the tee was the place where—what? Oh, I see."

"What's this box for? —Oh, yes—water to wash your hands. But what's the sand for? I didn't know they put sand traps in boxes."

"Does it count anything when I miss the ball?"

"What does this 'H 18' on the box mean— Oh, I know. How stupid of me. That means 'Hole Number Eighteen.' "

"What does 'Pro' mean? Professor? Professor of Golf?"

"The sign says, 'Replace Divots.' What's a divot? Oh—I know. It's the little stick you put in the hole. You're supposed to replace it after you get through playing."

"Keep my eye on the ball? Don't be ridiculous. If

CADDIES IN THE HOME
WOULD ALSO BE USEFUL!

FORE
CADDIE
FORE!

KEEP YOUR EYE
ON THAT COLLAR
BUTTON AND GO
RIGHT TO IT !



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

I look at the ball I can't see where I am shooting."

"Dear, do you mind carrying your own bag, so your caddie can carry my coat and hat?"

"Why do you have all those clubs? I could play just as well with one."

"What makes it curve when I hit it? I don't think that's a very good ball."

"My club's too long. It digs into the ground every time I hit."

"You hit yours into the trees. Am I supposed to do that?"

"The green's all warped. Look at the bumps and ridges. I thought the green was supposed to be flat."

"Use my mashie? Which one is my mashie—this big wood club? Oh—this one. I thought this was a putter."

"I like to hit the ball, but all this walking is silly. It would make a better game if you could stay in one place, hit the ball, let the caddy bring it back, and hit it again."

"Is that Harriet over there—starting to hit the ball? Yoo-hoo! Harriet! Yoo-hoo!"

"Who's a dumbbell? You're not so smart yourself. I heard some members say you were the worst dub that ever swung a mashie."

"I guess I can lift my ball out of the sand if I want to. I don't know of any state or federal law against it. The way you yell people would think I was committing a murder."

"What if I did make a noise while you were shooting?"

Is this a game or a funeral? I didn't make a noise the last time you shot and you did just as badly."

"What did I do to that one? I hit it just like you said.—I did too! As a golf instructor you're not so hot. The less advice you give me the better I play."

"What do you want to quit for? I thought we were going eighteen holes—What? It's not going to rain! Don't be silly. There isn't a cloud in the sky."

XIII

THE MECCA OF GOLF

By CHICK EVANS

EVERY golfer surely desires to see St. Andrews. It was the dream of my boyhood and like many another dream, it came true. I have seen the ancient city of golf twice, once when I was very happy, and once when I was very sad and both times I loved it.

There were many reasons for that, and one of them is as simple as a matter of color. I have always loved grey; women I have loved have worn it, and St. Andrews, as I have seen it, is always one shade of grey, or another, and sometimes several. It is the mist from the sea that gives the color and name to the old grey city and the vigorous life to its inhabitants.

On both my visits I was alone, but it is the first one that I am always glad to describe. It was in 1911, and I had been traveling part of the time with Mr. Silas H. Strawn and Mr. William V. Kelly, two noted Chicagoans and golfers. It happened that they had already been at St. Andrews and preferred to finish their playing around Edinburgh. I felt, however, that an ardent

golfer, although very young and a stranger, would be welcome at St. Andrews. For the old city beckons.

St. Andrews is just north of Edinburgh, about an hour by train. At this time I went by train and I was thrilled by the sound of the cars rattling over the Firth of Forth Bridge. I bore a letter from Mr. Strawn to the Secretary of the Royal and Ancient Club, which I presented immediately on my arrival, and I asked him to recommend some inexpensive place for me to stay. In consequence, I was lodged in a house overlooking the putting course and the sea, and the mistress of that household had lived there all her life. Her husband was dead, and maybe because I was feeling very far away from my own mother, she, at least, appeared to take a very kindly interest in me, and she will always be a part of my remembrances of St. Andrews. When I went back in that sad year of 1921, I asked for her and was told that she had taken the last long journey. It seemed a year of futile questions.

On that first visit the Secretary of the Royal and Ancient fixed me up with games, and I played thirty-six holes a day three days in succession. The first round was a disappointment, for I had expected too much, but from then on my interest grew enormously. When one is completely enveloped in the golfing atmosphere, has wandered in the city and has talked with the citizens, then the actual St. Andrews feeling is his.

Strange to say I seemed to learn most about St. Andrews from the sixty-year old motherly woman in

HA-HA!
GOLF IS FINE
EXERCISE
— BUT ONLY
FOR THE
CADDIE

HA-HA!
RIDING
IS FINE
EXERCISE
— BUT ONLY
FOR THE
HORSE!



The other man's game
is always the bunk!

Hop
5-17

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

whose house I found lodging. Sometimes we walked in St. Andrews in the long twilight after dinner, and sometimes we went down, a hundred feet or so, to the sea, and there we talked while the water rolled softly to the sandy shore.

I learned from her that golf is played in St. Andrews from January to December on regular greens without winter covering, in the most equable temperature in the United Kingdom, and with plenty of sunshine—but I have to confess that I saw little sunshine. Sometimes we walked up into the town, by the quaint shops, and twice to the University, the oldest in Scotland, with its timeworn buildings and its lovely shrubbery and grass; and up the miles of glorious sand along the beach, and into the inspiring scenery of the heights where the cemetery is. There we read the epitaphs in that strange graveyard of golfers. Those records of golf shots and scores carved in cold marble that will live longer than any we have made. I wish that I could reproduce some of them here.

The Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews is about the fourth oldest club in the world, having been instituted in 1754. When you play on the old course where golf was played a hundred years before, you feel that every yard is enshrined in the memories of golfers. There can be seen the sweeping galleries and the outstanding figures of the game. Your thoughts dwell upon Freddie Tait, the most peculiarly beloved golfer of Britain. The British have a genius for friend-

ship, and Freddie Tait was a fine golfer with an extraordinary charm.

There are four courses of eighteen holes now at St. Andrews, and a ladies' private putting course, and three public putting courses of eighteen holes each. Visitors have equal rights with the Royal and Ancient Club members and residents, during all months except August and September. The tariff was decreed by the St. Andrew's Act of 1913, in operation the whole year round; the new course is one shilling and the jubilee course is three pence.

Overlooking these courses are hotels and shops. Just opposite to where you play the second shot to the eighteenth green is the shop of R. Forgan and Sons. That fact brings to my mind Mr. J. B. Forgan and the big bank in Chicago, of which he was the honored head. It seems strange to think of a life beginning in a little quiet town far up in Scotland and ending in the big, bustling city beside the waters of Lake Michigan.

In visiting St. Andrews, one must not fail to spend a great deal of time in the clubhouse of the Royal and Ancient wherein the old equipments of the game can be read, dating back to the early history of golf. A half hour here may serve to make us a little more patient with all the innovations that shall surely come.

I think, too, that every pilgrim to the shrine of St. Andrews, masculine though the old saint be, will think of the city named for him, as a lovely grey lady sitting in her quiet beauty beside that Northern sea.

XIV

THE GREATEST PEST IN GOLF

By BARRIE PAYNE

WE have, in our time, come across a variegated assortment of pests on the golf course, and not so long ago it occurred to us to find out if the distastes of others ran something along the same lines. The question of what constituted the greatest pest in golf was submitted to a considerable number of well-known players. Here are some of the returns.

Gene Sarazen: "The prize pest is the man who comes up to me when I'm three down and three to play, and says, 'Oh, Hello, Gene. I met you five years ago at such-and-such a place. Don't you remember me?' and starts a conversation. I guess he really expects me to forget that I'm three down and three to play and be overjoyed at seeing some one I met five years ago on some long-forgotten occasion."

Chick Evans: "The worst pest of all is the fellow who never even sees you at any other time, but who comes up in an important match and asks you unimpor-

tant questions. It always looks like an irritating device to ruin your game."

Ted Ray: "The champion pest is the type of man who emerges from the crowd following on an important occasion and insists upon interrupting my play to inform me of where and how he met me ten years previously. Members of such a class ought to be sterilized."

Francis Ouimet: "The fellow who approaches you when you are playing in an important match and offers advice or suggestions. Usually the chap who does this could not break a hundred on any course, yet he bothers the life out of you with his ideas. Furthermore, not being a student of human nature, he takes the most inopportune time to address you and in consequence irritates you greatly."

J. H. Taylor: "The man—pardon me, the Microbe,—who, when I am playing an important match, tries to start a conversation because I am supposed to have played in a match with him twenty years ago. Whilst I am bubbling with concentrative energy he helps me to see red by inflicting details of mere persiflage that cannot have the slightest interest for me. I could bite chunks out of him and trample what was left under my feet. Size of boots number nine."

And the interviewer gives you his sacred word of honor that Messrs. Sarazen, Evans, Ray, Ouimet and Taylor expressed these views without comparing notes. No chance for that because the matter was handled by correspondence.



NEVER - 9.



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

But the vote on pests was not quite unanimous. The minority report must be given. A complete poll of the top-liners is impossible, of course, but a few typical answers will serve to show the diverse trend of opinion among the "dissenters."

George Duncan says, "The worst pest of all is the silly ass who holds you up on the tee by looking back when he has hit a good 'un."

Max Marston thinks the Open Champ in the pest line is "the player who takes golf too seriously and tells his friends over and over again about the marvelous shots he has made during his lifetime. A man of this type usually has a new method each day, which he thinks will improve his game, and tries to wish the new method on any one who will listen, whether he cares to listen or not."

Walter Travis refuses to make a choice because the vast variety of pests to pick from makes it difficult. He says, "If I were once started I'd be gone, for I could not discriminate."

Mrs. Miriam Burns Horn thinks "furthest north in pestilential proclivities" is attained by "the person who has no regard for his opponent and looks endlessly for his own lost balls; or the person who elaborates to such an extent on his own game that you haven't time to play your own."

Willie Ogg says, "The greatest nuisance to my way of thinking is the Golf Crab. I refer to the player who crabs at his caddie all the way around, crabs when he

finds a loose pebble or wormcast on the green, also when he finds his ball in a heel mark in a trap (but of course he never covers his own marks when leaving a trap). He finds fault with everything in general, both inside the clubhouse and out. You can always spot a golf crab by the way the caddies start ducking when he wants one."

A couple of other stars who figure prominently in the big tournaments, when asked to name the prize pest, agreed ruefully on "Walter Hagen." We made the mistake of approaching another prominent linksman just after he had lost a match. We asked him who was the champion pest and he said, "You are."

While we're on the subject we'd like to name another list of pests. You've heard the opinion of the stars and "paristocrats." Golfing hoi-polloi—we who "used to shoot in the eighties one day last year"—should also have a voice in picking candidates for the pestidency. We fain would list the nuisances most offensive to our golfactory nerves.

The impatient player who gets sore and drives into us when he can plainly see that we're being held up by those in front. (This, according to our notion, is the Abou-Ben-Adhem of Pests who "leads all the rest" by at least three laps.)

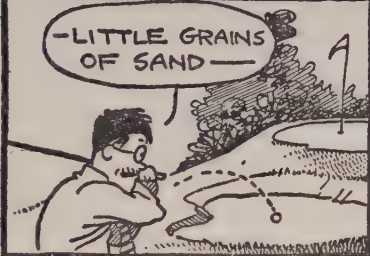
The shrewd opponent who insists upon having me try out his pet mid-whiffle, wallop-in' iron or spade-skadgett.

The Golfing Poet

LITTLE DROPS
OF WATER—



—LITTLE GRAINS
OF SAND—



—MAKE THE GOSH-DURN
HAZARDS—IN WHICH
I ALWAYS LAND!



The clever psychologist who suggests that I'm not getting as much distance as usual and tricks me into pressing.

The lucky dub who beats me while playing his first game and builds a radio broadcasting station to let the world know about it.

The snobbish member who wants to keep everybody out of the club. Usually this is a fellow who had a hard time getting in himself.

The extremely democratic member who wants to let everybody in.

The professional gambler who wants to play for house-lot-and-right-eye per hole.

The player who writes his own rules.

The player who knows no rules.

The player who knows 'em all.

The partner who blames me for everything, including the rainstorm.

The partner who takes personal credit for everything, including my hole in one.

The player who takes golf too lightly and thinks it's just a game.

The player who takes golf too seriously and thinks it's a religion.

The golfer who plays it "just for the exercise and hot air."

The player who worries about his golf while working and worries about his work while golfing.

The poor loser. (But to quote somebody or other, I'd rather play with a poor loser than any kind of a winner.)

The player who thinks he's a better golfer than I because he just happened to beat me once.

The player who thinks he's a better golfer than I because he just happened to beat me fifty times in succession.

The player who moans piteously about his dub game but takes no intelligent steps to remedy it.

The golfer who makes a flimsy excuse and quits at the ninth hole if he happens to be going badly.

The wealthy skinflint who wastes an hour looking for a twenty-cent "repaint" that went into the creek.

The gutless individual (pardon me, ladies) who, when he finds himself losing, lies down like a dog and quits trying.

The player who, after a bad shot, curses in alphabetical order everything and everybody in the whole Solar System, then curses them all over again to make sure he hasn't missed anything.

The insect who blames the caddie for everything that ever happened, including the World War.

The player who howls about the course being crowded and in the same breath puts up three friends for membership. (It's always the other fellow's friends that crowd the course.)

XV

PRO AND CON

By BARRIE PAYNE

“LET’S analyze golf and see if it’s a good investment. Your club, we’ll say, is a typical club in a metropolitan section. That means your membership will cost \$2,000.”

“But the money isn’t spent; it’s only invested.”

“All right—it’s invested. So you lose only the interest, say \$10 a month. Add another \$10 each month for dues. The total is \$20. But you don’t play in the winter, so the expense runs up to \$40 a month for the actual playing season. You’ll average ten games a month for six months in the year—even less if it’s a rainy season. That runs your initial expense up to \$4 per game. Add an average caddie fee of \$1.50 per round, including tips. That runs it up to \$5.50. Then add your meals at the club, green fees for guests, automobile expenses, liquor——”

“Whoa! Back up! You can’t count meals as golf expense. I’d be eating whether I played golf or not. Not so much, perhaps, because I’d have dyspepsia if I

didn't play. And you can't figure green fees for guests, because a certain amount of entertaining, of one sort or another, must be done whether you play golf or not. And the auto expense is out—I'd be driving somewhere else if not to a golf course. And you can't count the Nineteenth Hole. I'd take just as many drinks if I never set foot on a golf course."

"All right. Leave 'em all out. But your expense for balls, club repairs, golf clothing, lessons, and so forth, will easily run to \$10 a month extra. That brings your total expense per game to \$6.50 as an absolute minimum."

"Yes."

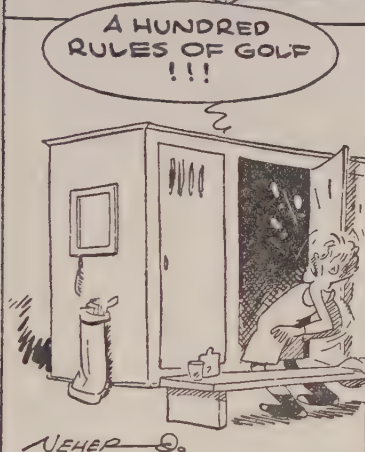
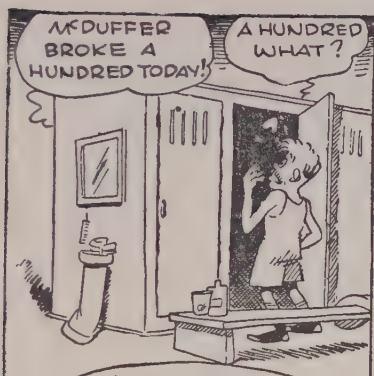
"Now—you average 100 strokes to the round, 80 of which give you no real pleasure!"

"Huh?"

"Yes, sir. Twenty completely satisfactory shots in a single round is high average. For the average golfer four out of five shots fail to come off the way he plans and his pleasure is marred if not completely destroyed."

"Well—maybe so."

"That means you pay \$6.50 for twenty satisfactory shots. Mild thrills at 33 cents per thrill, and each thrill gives you satisfaction for perhaps two minutes—forty minutes of real pleasure for each round of golf. And the time consumed for each round is five hours, counting time taken in getting to and from the course. In other words, seven-eighths of the time consumed represent no pleasure at all. In short you wait four-



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

teen minutes and spend 33 cents for each two-minute thrill."

"Yes, and now lemme talk. If you can search the world over and find anything besides golf that will guarantee me a two-minute thrill for 33 cents, with only a fourteen-minute wait between thrills—a thrill equal to that of smacking a 250-yard drive down the middle and seeing it barely clear the second line of bunkers—a thrill equal to that of holing a 30-foot putt over two undulations—a thrill comparable to that of laying a long mashie shot dead to the pin—I'll write you a check for \$10,000 and agree to give up golf!"

"But—er—but——"

"And here's another little item you overlooked. Before I took up golf I used to spend \$500 a year on doctors!"

XVI

MUIRFIELD AND THE AMERICANS

By CHICK EVANS

THE following description of Muirfield, written just after Jess Sweetser won the British Amateur Championship there, shows the vast difference between Scottish and American courses and should, for that reason, prove interesting to American readers.

To begin with, Muirfield is as unlike any American course as it is possible for one course to differ from another. It is a genuine Scottish seaside links with a sort of roughness—a wild, desolate, treeless beauty—unknown to inland courses, particularly to the prettified courses that we know so well. Yet, strange to say, when I saw this distinctly foreign course, I felt that an American would carry the historic cup across the sea for the second time. The prodigious length of the course seemed designed for our mighty hitters and there were so many of our countrymen abroad this year.

The wind always sweeps from one angle or another across Muirfield and always the curlews cry. And the light and the consequent judgment of distances change

WHEN
PEOPLE
WANT TO
SEE ME
DO YOU
KNOW
WHAT
TO TELL
'EM
?

SURE—I'VE
WORKED FOR BUSINESS
MEN BEFORE—
WHEN YOU'RE
PLAYIN' 9 HOLES
YOU'RE "OUT TO
LUNCH"—18 HOLES
IS "IN CONFERENCE,"
—27 HOLES
"SICK" AND 36
HOLES IS
"OUT OF TOWN."



NEHER ©

(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors, Inc.)

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

constantly. There is a delightful firmness to the turf and the grass itself is fine and close together and so studded with daisies that sometimes it is hard to find the ball. There was never a bad lie in the fairway, and the feel of your club blade taking a bit of turf was thrilling. The cut places quickly replaced themselves and even the tramp of thousands of feet failed to destroy that wonderful verdure.

But the rough—ah! That was different! Outside the pleasant fairway there was a peculiar bunchy sort of tongue grass. Sometimes a good lie could be found there, but not often, and then too, the entrance to the green was made increasingly difficult the farther off the line one happened to be.

There are thousands of rabbits at Muirfield and they nibble the grass very close in spots, and there are rabbit scaffs and holes and should you get into one, and they are always to be found in the rough, you lose a stroke whether a championship is on or not.

There is not a single tree on Muirfield. To the onlooker it is a wide moor-like expanse in sight and sound of the sea where an occasional swift cruiser speeds by, or a battleship shows itself, or the great Firth of Forth bridge rears itself against the sky, or on clear days Fifeshire looms close across the water. It is not a very rolling bit of land, although there are numerous small undulations. But always a changing sky like a curtain drawn back to show a view, for each day disclosed something different with new difficulties to be overcome

and new reservoirs of skill to be drawn from. Alas! should they be empty at the time of trial.

In spite of its cruelties I loved this golfing spot in Lothian for, although when stretched to its furthestmost limits it was best suited to the long hitters of which I am not one, it was a joy from its forward tees. And they were all glorious holes. And such a finish! With the possible exception of the seventeenth the last six holes were the finest I have ever seen.

Surely Muirfield was one of the most delightful places where I have ever played golf; and when that is said it means not the course alone but the men who played over it and to whom it belonged. I have not space of course, for their names, but it is a pleasure to mention Mr. Stair A. Gillon, Captain of the Honourable Company, and Mr. Norman Boase, chairman of the Championship Committee. To these and to many more the American golfers at Muirfield were deeply indebted.

The British Amateur of 1926 at Muirfield, was a wonderful bringing together of golfers from all over the world. In one four-ball match in which I practiced before the event I played with Harry Sinclair of Australia, George Forrester of Calcutta, India, and Hoover Bankard of Chicago, U. S. A. International sport can be a weaver of a great bond of understanding between the various dwellers in distant lands.

Onto this typical Scottish course came the youth of our best golf. They played well, but, one by one they

went down before the British—early or late, more or less dependent upon the time that they met the better players; but the one that stayed to the last was the one who traveled the hardest road, and therein lies an interesting story. After all did it matter that I lost, or that all the others went down to defeat? It was a great event and if I may judge the others by myself I can say that the joys of the days spent at Muirfield compensated for all the sorrows of our failings.

Jess Sweetser, the man who won the championship won his honor in the most deserving way. When the draw was announced there was the usual discussion as to whom it favored, for in the fairest draw there are many inequalities. In this case, I think, there was not a golfer who did not believe that Ouimet or Sweetser had a mighty hard road to travel, and to make it worse for Jess he suffered a little illness during the earliest days of the Championship, but here came his first bit of luck. Every golfer knows how one dreads to meet a fine player in the first round. It is the first test of a bad draw. Sweetser had drawn John Humphries, a very fine player from Sandwich, England, but Humphries was obliged to default, and Jess was thereby given time to recover from his indisposition.

In his match with Francis Ouimet, the latter was two up at the turn, and it looked bad for Jess after their seconds to the tenth were played, but Sweetser won the hole, and the match itself by a narrow margin.

The winning of the Championship was a glorious victory, won in the face of constant dangers, and it demonstrated that the victor is the greatest uphill player in the world, and surely every American rejoices in his hardly-won success.

XVII

GOLF ON THE ISLE OF DELIRIA

By BARRIE PAYNE

IT happened on the Isle of Deliria, off the coast of Dementia.

"I'm so gol-blasted tired of this Queen job," said Queen Aphasia to her maid, Amnesia. "How 'bout swap-pin' places? You be the Queen and lemme be the maid."

"A cuckoo loco in the coco—that's you, Queenie, old dear! No thanks! Not if I'm conscious! Think what the King would say if I tried to pinch-hit for you. I couldn't fool him. He'd notice I was kinda refined and right away he'd suspect something."

"Aw naw he wouldn't. The old Emperor et Wrecks is pie-eyed all the time."

"Say, whassamatter with him, anyhow? Chews ter-backer maybe? Or sleeps in his union suit? How come you wanta swap him off? Must be a catch in it somewhere."

"He talks golf all the time and I'm fed up. I ain't heard nothin' outa him in three year 'cept how he shot a

dormie with his ribbed-face wallop in' iron, or laid one dead to the tee box with his lofted spade-skadgett."

"But who's gonna take care of MY husband? I also gotta husband, Lord help me! Thorkelson, the furnace man."

"Yeah, I know. That's one reason why I crave to swap. I wanta pal around with Thork. It'll be great stuff to have him for a companion—a nice furnace man that ain't interested in golf. If I never do hear golf mentioned again that'll be too soon!"

"Well, kid, I hate to disappoint you, but your plan ain't worth the frayed linin' of a secondhand whoop. The gods of the dice is loaded. You can't beat the game. Listen—how do you reckon my registered pet meal ticket spends his leisure time?"

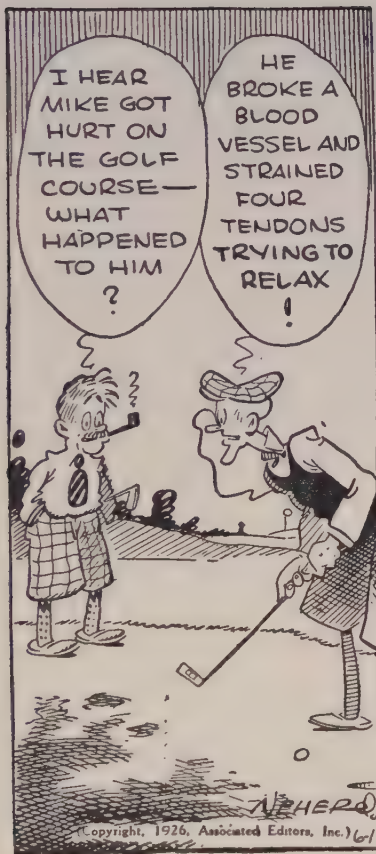
"Playin' drop-the-handkerchief maybe, or lookin' at the pictures in the tabloids?"

"He spends his time out back of the palace practicin' with a mashie. Every night he puts me to sleep with bedcrime stories about how he pitched four balls into a tomato can or played a blind shot into a chicken coop over the corner of the stable."

"Great Scott!" yelled the Queen. "Also Little Scott and Middle-Sized Scott. Coises! Forty-seven assorted damns! Ain't there no refuge from this accursed mouth golf? Ah—I have it! I'll elope with Quietus, the deaf mute major domo of the palace. Hie thee hence, wench—the hencer the better. Summon the varlet and tell him to report here not later than immejitly!"

I HEAR
MIKE GOT
HURT ON
THE GOLF
COURSE—
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM
?

HE
BROKE A
BLOOD
VESSEL AND
STRAINED
FOUR
TENDONS
TRYING TO
RELAX
!



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Ten minutes later Quietus stood in the presence of Her Majesty, gesticulating wildly. She didn't savvy the deaf-mute lingo so she signalled him to write it.

Here's what he wrote: "Make it snappy, Queen. My foursome leaves the first tee at two and here it is one-thirty already. And I gotta have a new shaft put in my niblick before I can start."

Zowie! Also Bing and Plop, as the cartoonists say.

One hour later Her Majesty stood at the edge of a lake bidding the world farewell. The golf epidemic had made this terrestrial globule an unfit place for the habitation of sane people. She was about to fling herself into the water when——

"Fore! Fore! That ain't no bathin' beach! That's a water hazard! Gettohell out the way before we knock you for a row of obituaries!"

"My God!" screamed the Queen.

A man stepped out of the woods and dragged her roughly to one side. When he recognized her he spoke more gently. She calmed herself presently and sobbed out her story.

"I'm the man you're lookin' for," he urged, eagerly. "Elope with me, kid! I never talk golf when I can possibly avoid it."

"Kiss me, my hero!—Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm the golf professional."

So she dropped dead, and they golfed happily ever after.

XVIII

PING PONG AND PASTURE POOL

By BARRIE PAYNE

THE real facts concerning the terrible tragedy that befell Felix Fox have never been published until now. The Account set forth below is based on sworn statements made by Glenna Von Bogey, his fiancée.

In the first place, the Von Bogeys are all champion golfers. Hagen Von Bogey, his wife Alexa, and his daughter Glenna, have amassed so many cups by their combined efforts that the U. S. mint complains of a silver shortage. To them golf is a career, a philosophy and a religion. The royal and ancient game is the one thing that matters and a non-golfer, in their opinion, is the lowest form of vegetable life.

Mr. Hagen Von Bogey was mixing a highball in the locker room one afternoon when Felix Fox approached him. Young Felix was no man to waste words. He came directly to the point without preface or preamble.

"Mr. Von Bogey, my name is Felix Fox. I'm en-

gaged to your daughter, Glenna. We want your consent. What's the answer?"

Anything can happen in golf, and usually does. So Mr. Von Bogey, after playing the game constantly for thirty years, was not easily surprised by anything under the sun. He received the sudden outburst by Mr. Fox without batting an eye or spilling a drop of his high-ball.

"So you wish to marry my daughter, huh? That's interesting—very interesting indeed. But a step like that should not be taken without due consideration by all persons concerned. If you'll pardon a fatherly interest and not think me too inquisitive, I'd like to ask just one question. Who the hell are you, if anybody?"

"I'm Felix Fox, as above stated," said Felix. "My family is prominent both socially and financially in Philadelphia. I'm a graduate of Princeton. I'm twenty-eight years old, sound physically and mentally——"

"To hell with that! What's your handicap?"

"I—I have no—I——"

"Play from scratch, huh? Boy, I'm pleased to meet you! If I had ten daughters you could have 'em all. My daughter is a good girl and will make you a fine wife except for a slight hook on her mashie shots. Take her and God bless you!"

"You misunderstand me, sir. I have no handicap, because I don't play golf. I never had a club in my hand."

Von Bogey gasped and turned purple. Presently he

began to swear. His long experience in golf stood him well in hand. He swore forcefully, fluently and with fine attention to detail. He used all the oaths in seven languages and a score of new ones invented especially for the occasion.

"If you don't play golf what the blankety-blank e pluribus unum DO you do?"

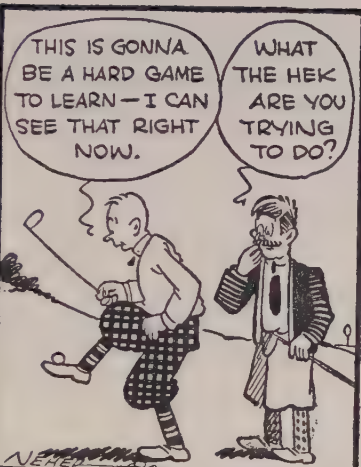
"I play tennis," Felix confessed. "I was state champion——"

"Sufferin' shades of Tom Morris!" Von Bogey yelled. "A tennis player! Imagine my daughter, descended from a long line of honorable and distinguished golfers, hooked up in marriage with an insect that plays outdoor ping pong! There ought to be a law—oh, my God, I can't stand this! What will her mother say?" Von Bogey began to gasp and splutter like a wet firecracker.

Felix decided that further argument was a waste of time and went away from there. He found Glenna waiting on the porch of the clubhouse.

"How did you come out?" she asked.

"Head first, and landed on my left ear. The course of true love is full of bunkers and traps. I've just learned that tennis is a crime slightly worse than matricide and a non-golfer is first cousin to a fishing worm. If you'll pardon my saying so, your father is the most prejudiced, most intolerant and most unreasonable golf nut that God ever made. Imagine a man being so crazy about golf that he objects to his daughter marrying a tennis player!"



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

But that didn't stop them. Glenna went to her father that afternoon and delivered the ultimatum.

"I intend to marry Felix whether you like it or not," she said. "I'm absolutely rabid about him and I'd marry him even if he played croquet. That's that and them's those!" Having said which she turned and walked away.

That night something happened to Felix.

While he was passing a dark alley near his hotel a piece of lead pipe caressed him none too gently behind the left ear.

When he awakened he found himself on a bed in the stateroom of a swiftly-moving yacht, bound for lornoze where! A note from Von Bogey was pinned to the bed covers.

"Listen you worm!" the note said, "I've hired ten champion golfers to take you to a desert island and work on you in three shifts. They'll make a golfer out of you or kill you, preferably the latter. Before you can marry my daughter you'll have to break eighty or I'll break your neck! You're a non-golfer, God help you, but maybe you can live it down."

"Great Scott!" yelled Felix. "Also Little Scott and Middle-Sized Scott!"

We shall not annoy the readers with painful details of our hero's experience on the island. Suffice to say that one month later Von Bogey received the following message from Felix:

"I'm losing my mind. Sarazen says use an inter-

locking grip. Hagen says use an overlapping grip. Mitchell tells me to use a palm grip. Diegel is teaching me to play a mashie off my right toe, Barnes says I must play it off my right heel, and Mehlhorn says play it off the left knee. Have decided to jump into the ocean and feed myself to the sharks."

And he did! He threw himself into the ocean and was devoured by sharks!

A short story should have a happy ending, and this one *does*!

The whole thing ended quite happily—for the sharks!

XIX

THE JOY OF GOLF

By CHICK EVANS

GOLF should be a joyous game. Any man with a strenuous business or profession should be able to rejoice in a game that performs the true function of amateur sport, and the function of golf is to rest us from the difficult task of earning a livelihood. When a man is thinking of his golf in company with his friends of the links there can be no place in his mind for the thousand and one griefs, the difficulties and disappointments, that beset our daily and working hours. And golf not only relieves the mind by its pleasant competition, but also gives the body the fresh air, the sunlight and exercise it needs after the imprisoned days of indoor labor.

Golf may be a different thing for the youngster still in school. Being supported by his father and carefully sheltered from the inclemencies of life he can afford to take his game solemnly. It is after all a sophomore habit to take one's game and one's self too seriously. It does not particularly matter, however, for that phase of

our existence will soon pass and we shall find such serious business in our lifework that we shall be only too glad to flee, once in a while, to the game that gives so much to young and old and is a never-failing consolation to the grief-stricken. For golf can carry us far away from the toil and worry of everyday life; it can set our feet again on the green grass of the pleasant world of play, and for a little while we can feel and think as we did in the days of childhood. For the world of work and the world of play stand far apart; their spirits are wide asunder, and I am sure that the true sportsman thanks God for that. All work and no play makes us dull without doubt, but all play and no work would not be a good thing either.

THE JOYS OF GOLF.



YOU RUIN YOUR CLOTHES
FISHING FOR A LOST BALL WHILE
YOUR OPPONENT TAKES IT EASY.



NEHER ©
—AND FINALLY RECOVER A BALL
WHICH BELONGS TO YOUR OPPONENT!

(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors Inc.) 7-27

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

XX

REID TELLS A STORY

By CHICK EVANS

YESTERDAY while digging through the files I ran across a photograph which was made last winter in St. Augustine. It was a picture of Glenna Collett taking a putting lesson from Wilfred Reid, the well-known Detroit professional. While I was examining the picture Mr. Reid's best golf yarn popped into my head. Perhaps I should say "one of the best," for the Detroit star is as full of "copy" as his scorecard is of pars. He told me the story last spring. It's good stuff and should have been printed long ago. Mr. Reid wrote it out for me, so I can quote his exact words:

One season several years ago (says Mr. Reid) I was playing in Canada with my late and beloved friend, Doug Edgar, twice Canadian Open Champion. I had been playing some very low push shots into the wind here and there, whenever the opportunity presented itself. There is something very fascinating in being able to punch a ball down and hold it down for say 170 to 180 yards, at its highest trajectory not more than

ten feet above the ground. It's my pet shot, in fact. I learned it in childhood across the pond in the gentle gales that prevail over there.

Well, in the crowd following this particular practice round with Doug and myself was an old gray-bearded gent. After we had finished and entered the clubhouse for lunch the old gent approached and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Reid, but I would like to ask you a few questions regarding that low ball. Would you mind telling me first just how you produce it?"

"Certainly, sir," I said. "All you have to do is squeeze your fingers firm enough to deaden the wrist action. Tension in the fingers and arms will always tend to produce a lower trajectory than a light grip which gives relaxation, flexibility and naturally a much lighter flight. The position of the ball is some six inches further behind and nearer the right foot. The pressure and weight are very much inclined toward the left foot and leg throughout the entire stroke. Naturally the pivot is somewhat shorter, the swing slightly more upright, giving a much more direct downward hit on the down or return blow. The time is not fast—about a one-two time. The left leg and hip become particularly well braced at impact and tend to act as a fulcrum to hit against. The follow-through is much shorter than average, owing to the firm arms and fingers. The ball is struck before the clubhead has reached the bottom of the arc—hit on the downstroke, in other words. Don't hit it coming up."



(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors, Inc.)

11-16

ALBION COLLEC-
LIBRARY

"I see," said the old gent, "I see."

After lunch I encountered him again on the way to the first tee. He was all smiles. He thanked me a thousand times for the valuable information and overflowed with gratitude. "I've got it, Mr. Reid! I've got it," he said. Then he added, "Mr. Reid, how long did it take you to learn that shot?"

Doug smiled but I tried to be serious.

"So far, sir," I said, "I've been twenty-eight years trying to play that shot and haven't mastered it yet."

But he had it! The old gent had it!

XXI

THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH

By BARRIE PAYNE

IF I were asked to name the greatest man now living I would yell "Jock McSwat" without a moment's hesitation.

Jock is so dumb he thinks Pensacola is a soft drink and limeade is made from lima beans. The only brains he ever had were some he ordered at a restaurant. And even then he got a short order.

But you ought to see that bimbo hit a tee shot!

He's a Scotchman both by extraction and absorption. He's eternally under the gin fluence. He drinks enough liquor to float the British Navy. Half the time he's lit up like a birthday cake.

But you ought to see that bozo lean against 'em with a brassie! "Little ball," he says, "you're goin' on a long journey." And when he smacks the old olive it stays smacked. Yes sir, when he smites 'em they stay smit.

Jock's such a liar he makes Ananias look like George Washington. He makes promises just for the pleasure



of breaking them. And women say he's fickle and changeable as the temperature of a shower bath.

But you ought to see him lay into 'em with a mid-iron! He uses an iron where I'd use a brassie or a cannon. When he hits an iron shot the ball needs a passport because it's going to Europe.

Off the course he's as useless as a glass eye at a plugged key-hole. He thinks San Diego is a Scotchman and Rome is lighted by Roman candles. But who cares? I call him a prominent and outstanding figure. You might say there was nothing prominent about him except his teeth and nothing outstanding except his ears. But you ought to see him walk into the deep tangled wildwood and come out of the tall grass with a spoon, playing a combination hook and slice to dodge two trees!

Jock has no sense of humor. He's as full of fun as a hearse and couldn't see a joke with a microscope. In fact, he has no sense at all. He's so dumb he thinks the Cubs Park is a zoo.

But listen! Yesterday I saw him deliberately overshoot the green, land in a trap, and the ball had enough backspin to bring it back to the pin!

His education is as scarce as punctuation in a country newspaper. When he writes a letter the only ones that can tell what it means are himself and possibly God. He makes so many mistakes he needs an eraser on both ends of his pencil. He's so ignorant he thinks a crystal gazer is a man with a glass eye.

But you ought to see him putt! His opponents concede all his putts up to thirty feet. He couldn't sink 'em any better if he was putting with a gopher and the cup was its hole. He sinks 'em at any distance despite the fact that the ball is usually flat after his drive. That bird could putt with an egg and hole 'em in a plowed field.

Jock is the homeliest man in the world. He looks like something the cat wouldn't think of dragging in. Helen of Troy had the face that launched a thousand ships. Jock has the face that stopped a thousand clocks. His map resembles Home-made Sin, the Wreck of the Hesperus and the Wrath of God all rolled into one.

But what of it? Jock could still break 70 if every bunker was Pike's Peak, every trap the Sahara Desert, and every ditch the Grand Canyon!

Jock McSwat is the greatest man in the world, and I can lick the man that says he's not!

God must have been pretty proud of himself after he made Jock.

XXII

THE KNIGHT OF THE MAGIC MASHIE

By **BARRIE PAYNE**

“**I**S it true, Sir Knight, that thou hast come hither to make suit for the hand of my beautiful daughter?”

“Lord of the Black Castle, ’tis even so. Hearing that she was a most comely wench I came hither to woo her.”

“And has thou heard of the frightful test that thou must undergo ere thou canst win her?”

“No. Must I perchance slay a dragon, box ten rounds with a six-armed giant—or some such trifling feat?”

“No, Sir Knight. Thou must shoot my private golf course in par! But beware! If thou shouldst make the attempt and fail, a terrible punishment awaits thee—thou shalt serve the balance of thy days as chairman of the house committee!”

The Knight paled, but presently regained his composure.

“Despite the dire penalty I fain would take a whack at it. Barring accidents I am bound to success. In the far country to the westward I am known as the Knight

of the Magic Mashie. Show me the course and let the test begin."

When they reached the first tee the Knight gave a scornful laugh. "Prepare the wedding feast. This is no golf course. This is like unto a game of billiards. It hath no traps nor no rough. Callest thou this a test?"

"It is my private course," quoth the Lord of the Black Castle. "'Twas built thus because I waxed weary of hearing my friends' alibis. The Lord of the Green mountain was eternally saying, 'Forsooth I would have shot the course in par but for the accursed bunkers.' So I removed all bunkers. But alas, the ingenuity of golfers in the invention of alibis is boundless and not to be curbed. His excuse now is: 'I'm not used to playing on a flat surface. I was reared in a hilly country. Flatness crampeth my style sorely.' However, Sir Knight of the Magic Mashie, I promise that at least one hole shall furnish a real test for thy prowess."

The Knight unsheathed his driver and smote the old pill right lustily. He scored a par on Number One and a long succession of pars followed. The Lord of the Black Castle accompanied him around the course.

At last they came to Number Eighteen. "A par five on this hole maketh thee my son-in-law," said the Lord.

The Knight's third shot, over a hill—the only hill on the course—landed on the green. But when they crossed the hill a terrible sight met his gaze! A fierce lion in an iron cage sat in the center of the green, holding the flagstick in his mouth!

MIKE TOOK LESSONS FROM TEN
DIFFERENT PROS AND WENT
NUTS—HE'S BEEN DELIRIOUS
FOR TEN DAYS



DON'T SWAY YOUR
RIGHT EYE—KEEP YOUR
LEFT TONSIL STIFF—
ADVANCE YOUR NOSE—
PIVOT ON YOUR ADAM'S
APPLE—DON'T DROP
YOUR RIGHT EAR—RELAX—
RELAX—RELAX—



NEHER

(Copyright, 1927, Associated Editors, Inc.)

2-B

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

"The mouth of the lion forms the cup," the Lord explained. "In order to hole out thy shot must drop within his throat."

"But his mouth forsooth is closed tightly about the flag," the Knight protested. "Hath he the lockjaw—perchance from devouring duffers or other poisonous substance?"

"Thou must pitch thy next shot within his cage," said the Lord. "Then thou must enter the cage and when he opens his mouth to devour thee thou must quickly shoot the ball within his throat. Perchance thou mayest make thy escape whilst he is choking on the ball."

The Knight smiled. He had thought of something. Seizing his magic mashie he pitched the ball inside the cage. Then he entered the cage fearlessly and made a certain sign to the lion. The lion dropped the flag, grinned in a friendly manner, then lowered his head and obligingly opened his mouth. A gentle tap with the mashie pitched the ball into the air. As it came down the lion caught it in his mouth!

The Knight explained to the astonished Lord of the Black Castle: "I used to be an active worker in civic affairs and I had a sort of pull with this lion. I gave him the high sign. I used to be a member of the Lions Club in Kansas City."

XXIII

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GOLF IN AMERICA

By CHICK EVANS

THE origin of golf seems wrapped in mystery, the honor apparently lying between Scotland and the Netherlands, and most of us arbitrarily awarding it to the land of our own descent. Of course the game largely as we know it came to us from Scotland, and as early as 1457 it had become so popular there that the Scottish parliament of that year found it necessary to pass a law against it. The people were giving so much time to the game that they were neglecting the practice of archery upon which the safety of the country depended. This law not proving as efficacious as desired another act was passed fourteen years later. The country seemed wedded to golf; and we must, at least, arrive at the conclusion that if Scotland did not originate the game, she knew a good thing when she saw it and at an early date assimilated it more completely than any other country of which we have record.

On the other hand, it is claimed that the word golf is derived from the Dutch word "Kolbe," meaning a club,

and that there are many Dutch pictures showing the game to have been played in the Netherlands at a very early time. Judging from these pictures, these games, although played with something closely resembling golf clubs, were played upon the ice; but the most authentic picture, inasmuch as it represents a small boy apparently attempting to put a ball into a hole in the turf, is a tail-piece to an illuminated "Book of Hours" now in the British Museum. It was made at Bruges at the beginning of the sixteenth century, nearly fifty years later than the Scottish Act of Parliament denouncing the game. There seems then no doubt that a game resembling golf was played in the Netherlands at a very early date, and that the game as we know it was intensively developed by the Scotsmen.

There I leave the problem. I do not pretend to be able to solve it; but I think that the interesting question of where and when golf was first played on the North American continent is answered by the discovery of advertisements in some old newspapers. The story is the more interesting because the information was rather stumbled upon than sought for. In the summer of 1906 my father, while making researches in early American newspapers before 1800 for his work on American bibliography, found the following advertisements concerning golf in Charleston and Savannah newspapers and, thinking that they would be of special interest to me, copied them out. While not searching for such evidence his own work covered the time in question and the fact

that I am deeply interested in the game impressed upon him anything discovered regarding it. I was then too young to take much interest in the history of the game and the data have lain neglected all these years.

The first advertisement discovered by my father follows and I think will be read with interest—the word “anniversary” of course indicating that the club had then been in existence for at least a year:

NOTICE.

The Anniversary of the GOLF CLUB will be held on Saturday next, at the Club House on Harleston's Green where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 13, 1795.

The next spring the names of the officers of the club appear and it would be interesting to know how many of their descendants are now living:

GOLF CLUB.

James Gairdner, President; William Blacklock, Vice-President; William Milligan, Secretary and Treasurer. This society dine together once a fortnight at their Club-House on Harleston's Green; the day of meeting is Saturday.

—*May*, 1796.

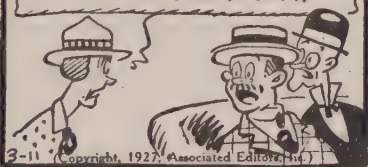
This day being the Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club, the members are requested to meet on Harleston's Green at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 15, 1796.



I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED, YOU HEARTLESS BRUTES! THOSE POOR CREATURES HAVE JUST AS MUCH RIGHT TO LIVE AS YOU HAVE! I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID AND I'LL REPORT YOU THIS VERY DAY.



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

GOLF CLUB.

The Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club will be held on Saturday the 21st instant, at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 12, 1797.

GOLF CLUB.

The Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club will be held on Saturday, the 29th instant, at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 15, 1798.

This day, the 26th instant, the Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club, will be held at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at 10 o'clock, October 23, 1799.

—*South-Carolina State Gazette*, October 26, 1799.

And then here most unexpectedly in this old Scottish-Huguenot part of our country we come upon these notices which ought to please our Dutch friends:

KOLF BAAN.

The KOLF BAAN had its Anniversary, May 1st, 1797.

—News note in *Charleston City Gazette*.

KOLF BAAN.

Those persons who have demands against the Kolf Baan Club are requested to make them known to the Treasurer, on or before the 30th of April instant.

Andrew Vos, Treasurer.

April 22, 1799.

—Advertisement in *Charleston City Gazette*.

After reading these notices we are thoroughly convinced that South Carolina had a flourishing golf club in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and from there we pass to Georgia where we learn that golf did not begin in that state with the advent of the Atlanta group of players, but that a club existed in Savannah, that old town beside the sea, over a century and a quarter ago. We could wish that there might have been a golf reporter present at some of these meetings. He could have told us who was the Robert Jones of that club, the longest drive he ever made, whether he was a good putter, and other important things like that. All that we have, and we are thankful for that little, is the bare statement of the following notices:

GOLF CLUB.

The members are particularly requested to be punctual in their attendance on Wednesday next, the 11th instant, at 11 o'clock, at their Marquee on East Common, in order to transact the important business, which is allotted for the first day meeting of the club for the season.

DINNER at the usual hour.

—*Columbia Museum, Savannah, Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1797.*

GOLF CLUB.

The Members are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the Marquee, at the usual place, on Monday next, precisely at 12 o'clock to transact business. Dinner will be on the table at two.

—*Georgia Gazette, Savannah, Thursday, Sept. 27, 1798.*

GOLF CLUB.

At the Anniversary meeting of the Golf Club, on the 8th instant, It was Resolved, That every Member who does not, on or before the 16th instant, signify his intention to the Secretary of continuing in the Club will be considered as having vacated his seat.

James Johnston, jun., Sec'y.

3d October, 1799.

—*Georgia Gazette, Savannah, Thursday, Oct. 10, 1799.*

It is very probable that these golf clubs owed their existence to the St. Andrew's Society, founded in 1733; it is fair to assume that the golf-club memberships were drawn principally from them.

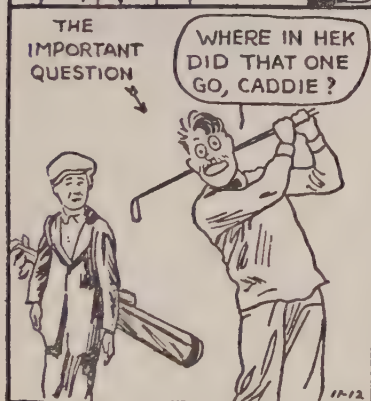
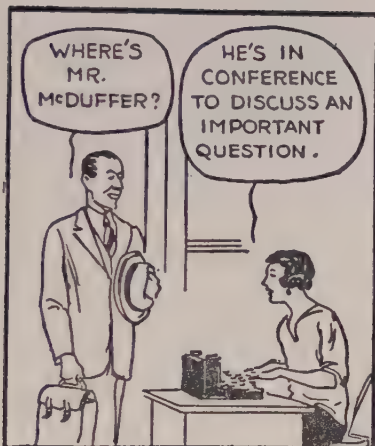
These societies existed in other of the original colonies, and were very strong and flourishing in Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia. They were in the beginning benevolent organizations intended to assist in all needful ways Scottish and English immigrants to this country. Directly following the Revolution the British emigrant must have found life in America particularly hard. The social instincts so evidenced by these societies and clubs seemed stronger

among the settlers of the South than in the northern parts of the United States.

My father, in his researches for his own work covering the period to 1800, has found no evidence to substantiate a claim that golf was played before 1794 in any other of the thirteen original colonies. The somewhat mythical reference to the game being played by British army officers in New York during the period of the Revolutionary War seems not borne out by any printed evidence. In fact there is much to render such a surmise untenable. James Rivington was the King's Printer in New York; he was also a shopkeeper, and printed from time to time, in his *Royal Gazette*, lists of sporting-goods for sale and imported by him. In none of these is included the necessary clubs and balls for the playing of golf, nor is the game itself so much as mentioned. It is interesting to know that many important facts and books are traced by antiquarians through the medium of advertisements in old newspapers.

I think, then, that we must consider it proved that the fine, healthful game of golf was first introduced in this country by the Sons of St. Andrew and St. George, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, about the year 1794; and that they were closely followed by the Dutch in the same fortunate city, in 1796; and by Savannah, Georgia, in the same year.

As I have said before, my father's researches stopped at 1800. How much longer these Southern golf clubs flourished and issued their little notices of anniversary



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

celebrations is a matter of interesting speculating, and one that might be pursued profitably at a later date. There is an interesting side-light thrown upon it. A short time ago the *Golfer's Magazine* published, through the courtesy of Mr. W. W. Harless, Secretary of the Western Golf Association, a facsimile of an invitation to a ball sent out by the Golf Club of Savannah, and the date is 1811.

GOLF CLUB BALL.

The honor of Miss Eliza Johnston's Company is requested to a Ball to be given by the members of the GOLF CLUB, of this CITY, at the Exchange on Tuesday Evening, the 31st instant, at 7 o'clock.

George Woodruff,

Robert Mackay,

John Caig,

James Dickson,

George Hogarth, Treasurer.

Savannah, 20th December, 1811.

The hour indicated, seven o'clock, strikes us as very early, but in December darkness soon overtakes belated golf players. One wonders if Miss Eliza Johnston could by any chance be a relative of the "James Johnston, jun. Sec'y," who from time to time sent little notices to the Georgia Gazette. I have found these names of tantalizing interest. Perhaps carefully hidden away in some old garret in Savannah is a letter telling in great detail just how much Miss Eliza Johnston and her

friends enjoyed that golf-club ball in that Christmas week so long ago.

I am wondering, too, if William Milligan, whose name appears on all the South Carolina golf-club notices, was not in fact the very first golf secretary in America. When and why were these golf clubs dissolved? Was it a slow and gradual dissolution, or swift disaster? Did the war of 1812 end then? And was the 1811 golf Ball the last one enjoyed?

We may never know what stress of war or economic troubles ended those pleasant meetings in the club house "on Harleston's Green," but conjecture is interesting. There is a little hint of dissolution in the last notice of which I have knowledge, which was sent out by James Johnston, jun., who was probably the son of James Johnston, the first printer of Savannah.

I linger over the name of Andrew Vos, treasurer of the Charleston Kolf Baan Club and acknowledge my ignorance of any considerable Dutch group in that part of the country. Apparently it is the unexpected we always find. It would have been more in accordance with general belief to seek an eighteenth century golf club in Dutch New York, or among the Scottish or English dwellers therein. Had they less leisure, or less interest in sport than their fellow countrymen in the South? I cannot answer. My only object in writing this little article is to present these unexpected facts, and thus point out to others an interesting field of speculation.

As for myself, I have taken much pleasure in trying

to visualize the scenes on "Harleston's Green," lying now, I understand, in the very heart of the city of Charleston, and to picture to my mind that "Marquee on East Common," in the city of Savannah, where the first golfers of Georgia assembled to "transact important business" and to eat their yearly dinner.

NOTE: Since writing the above article, I have had letters casting additional light on the little histories of men whose names occur in connection with golf clubs in old Charleston and Savannah newspapers.

A great grandson of "James Johnston, jun. Sec'y," James Hustoun Johnston of Atlanta, Georgia, has sent me the following information: "James Johnston, jun. Sec'y," was the uncle of Miss Eliza Johnston who was the daughter of Matthew Johnston; his brother James Johnston was owner and publisher of the *Georgia Gazette*, and of course an uncle of James Johnston, jr. A great grandson of the latter is now living in Atlanta, Georgia.

In the biography of "Robert Y. Hayne and His Times," the author, Theo. D. Jervey, notes that at the date of his birth and year 1791, in which Washington visited Charleston, Golf was played on Harleston Green. But from the *City Gazette*, September 20, 1788, we have an advertisement:

There is recently erected that pleasing and genteel amusement the Kolf Baan. Any person wishing to treat

for the same at private sale will please apply to Mr. David Denoon in Charleston or to the subscriber on the spot.

Henry Welsh.

I venture to suggest that the game played on Harleston Green differed considerably from the game we know. Could it have been a sort of putting competition on pleasant Harleston Green? It arouses interesting speculation. My correspondence shows that Charleston in the eighteenth century was an important trading port and vessels from all parts of the world brought strange cargoes there. It seems very certain that golf, perhaps an abbreviated edition of the game we know, was played in Charleston almost a century and a half ago.

XXIV

GOLF GAMBLERS

By BARRIE PAYNE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: Joe, George, Bill and Pete, comprising the Foursome.

Place: Any green on any course.

Time: Suit yourself.

JOE: Now listen and lemme talk. We're bettin' ten cents a hole, huh? Sure we are. But only the low ball wins. When we halve the hole nobody wins.

GEORGE: Naw, you're all wet. When we halve the hole the low men win a dime apiece from each of the high men. That makes you owe me twenty cents. I won the first hole, we halved the second——

BILL: Whoa! I won the second hole myself. You halved the third one. Here's the way it is—George owes Pete thirty cents and me twenty. Petes owes me a dime and Joe forty cents——

JOE: Lykell he does! He owes me fifty cents. He owed me thirty cents at the fourth hole and I didn't have any change, so——

VOICES FROM THE REAR: Fore! Fore!

GEORGE: Now wait a minute. Let's get this thing straightened out. Bill says I owe him twenty cents and Pete thirty. He's got it just backwards. I owe Pete twenty cents and Bill thirty. We were all square at the second hole, then I won the third——

VOICES FROM THE REAR: Fore! Fore! FORE!

BILL: Now wait a minute. Bill——!

JOE: Wait, now, just keep quiet a minute and gimme a chance——

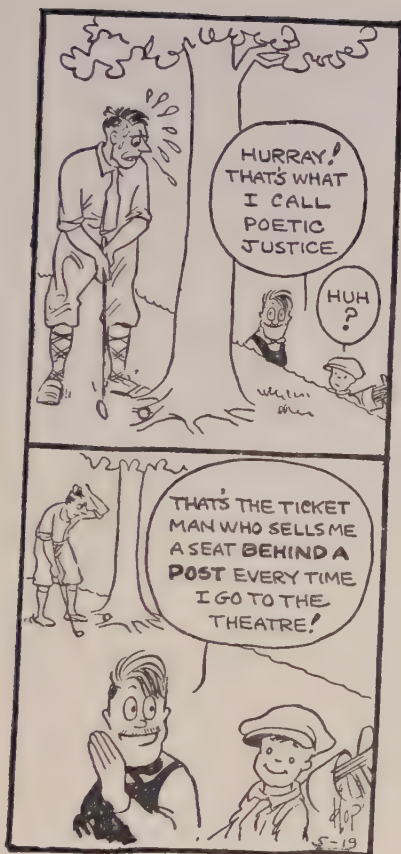
GEORGE: Listen! Here's the way it is! Joe and I were all square on the regular syndicates, but we had side bets for proximity on all the one-shot holes. On Number Five my drive was inside Joe's, but Pete was dead to the pin, so——

VOICES FROM THE REAR: Fore!—Hire an auditor!—Take it to the Supreme Court!—FORE!

BILL: Lykell Pete was dead to the pin! Pete was in the creek on Fivé! I was dead to the pin myself. You're thinking about Number Twelve. Pete owed me fifty cents at the Tenth Hole, but we halved the Eleventh and Pete won the Twelfth, so that makes——

JOE: Lykell you halved the Eleventh! The Eleventh was where my second shot almost holed out and I sank my putt for a birdie. I won thirty cents on that hole. I collected from George, but Bill didn't pay me, so——

BILL: Lykell I didn't pay you. Don't you remember I gave you a quarter and you gave me back fifteen cents—no, it was a dime. You still owe me a nickel on that hole, and Pete owes me——



GEORGE: Hey, what's the matter with that bunch back there! Drivin' into us before we have time to get off the green! Sombbody ought to mail 'em a book on Golf Courtesy and let 'em learn something.

JOE: This club's goin' to the dogs. They're getting a bunch of roughnecks in here that don't know anything about golf rules, golf etiquette or golf anything else.

BILL: Well, who's got the honor? Shoot 'em up, somebody. Whoa, George, you didn't win that last hole! You picked up, you poor sap!

GEORGE: Lykell I did. Don't you remember——
And so on—endlessly.

XXV

CUPID ONE UP

By BARRIE PAYNE

WHEN Joe Eggleston came in off the course he tried to dodge Clarissa Flynn who was seated on the clubhouse verandah, but his effort was unsuccessful. She caught sight of him and shouted a greeting.

A casual observer, seeing Joe's effort to avoid Clarissa, would have harbored grave doubts concerning Joe's sanity, for the beautiful Miss Flynn was not the kind of girl that men of normal mind and eyesight try to avoid.

Joe came forward reluctantly, dropped his precious clubs on the paved floor with reckless disregard for their fate, and slumped into a chair beside Clarissa. His face was haggard and drawn.

"What's the bad news?" Clarissa asked. "What soul-blighting misfortune has overtaken you this time? Is it a hook or a slice?"

"My trouble has nothing to do with golf. I shot ten strokes under my best previous score and broke the

course record. But what of it? What difference does it make?"

"All right—spill the gloom. Get it off your chest and maybe you'll feel better."

"Why should I bore you with my troubles?" Joe asked, a note of bitterness in his voice. "I don't think you would be interested."

"Oh—pardon me. Perhaps it's a personal matter. I had no right to butt in——"

"No—it's not that. I may as well—tell you," Joe said, speaking very slowly. "You see it's like this. I've played this course for ten years. This club is like home to me. I have a sentimental affection for the old place, the same affection that Chick Evans has for Edgewater, Bobby Jones for East Lake, the same love that every golfer has for the course where he learned the game. I love this place like—like——"

"—like a taxi driver loves a detour sign," Clarissa added. "But what is all this leading up to?"

"Just this—I've shot my last game here! I shall never set foot on this course again!"

"Surely you're not serious? What's the big idea?"

"Tomorrow I leave for Africa to handle a big lumber project. I was offered this opportunity a month ago and today I wired my acceptance. I rejected the proposition when it was first presented. At that time I saw no good reason for leaving here and many good reasons for staying. But last night something happened that made me change my mind. I'm anxious to get away now—the

sooner the better. I'll be gone for ten years, possibly forever—for the place where I'm going is full of lions, cannibals and malaria."

"But what happened to make you change your mind? I don't understand, Joe. You were making good here. You——"

"Listen. Last night I left the clubhouse in the middle of the dance to get a glimpse of the moonlight. On the bench under the oak tree I saw a certain girl in a blue dress kissing Ted Gately. I thought—or rather hoped—that this girl loved me, but I see I was mistaken. So the best thing I can do is to get away. Perhaps I can forget her some day. To stay here and see her, under existing conditions, would be torture. It will be less painful for me if I go away."

Clarissa was silent for a moment, absorbed in thought.

"I see," she finally said. "But I'd like to ask one more question. Please tell me how in the world a man in such a dejected frame of mind could go out and break a course record!"

"That's why I did it. I was limp and relaxed. I had no pep. I felt like a beaten and useless old man. I wasn't tense and tightened up, as I usually am. I made no conscious effort to play well, for my thoughts were not on the game. That gave my subconscious mind a chance to work and I hit the ball instinctively, mechanically and properly. In golf a man beats himself by trying too hard. Today I wasn't trying. I didn't care. I didn't even know what I shot till I finished and added up the score."



(Copyright, 1925, Associated Editors, Inc.)

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

"What did you do with the card?"

"Tore it up."

"Broke the course record and tore up the card. Suffering catfish!"

"Sure. What do I care about course records? What do I care about—anything—now?"

Clarissa was again silent, staring off into space.

"Look here, Joe," she said suddenly. "You said a man beats himself in the game of golf by trying too hard?"

"Yes."

"But the game of love is somewhat different. Love is more like football—a man frequently beats himself by not trying hard enough. A golf ball may respond to indifferent treatment, but a woman won't. Perhaps you hadn't thought of that."

"You win, pick up the agates!" said Joe, bitterly. "The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart—to make room for the privates and corporals that try harder. Congratulations to Ted Gately and the—the girl in the blue dress! Long may they wave. Gately bought her ten roses every week and I bought her only eight. So that's that!"

"Perhaps Ted has other advantages, Joe. Perhaps he thinks more of the girl than he does of his golf. Perhaps this girl would rather take first place in Ted's affections than play second fiddle to Joe Eggleston's mashie-niblick. But you've got one consolation, anyhow. Finding the adorable creature in another man's arms has helped

your golf game. Persuade a few more girls to jilt you and you'll be shooting the course in the low forties. And that's all that really matters, isn't it? You have a greater affection for your favorite sport than you have for the blue-dress girl or any other girl. Maybe I'm wrong but I don't think so."

Joe turned and looked Clarissa squarely in the eye.

"Look here, Clarissa. You've got me all wrong. You do me an injustice. Golf is a big thing in my life, but it isn't the biggest thing. Figure it out for yourself. If a man wasn't very much in love and heart-broken he would never *break a course record and then tear up the card!*"

A dead silence prevailed for several seconds.

"Maybe—you are right—Joe. Perhaps—I was wrong," said Clarissa, speaking slowly and very thoughtfully. "And perhaps you were wrong too about one thing. You said Ted was kissing a girl in a blue dress. Did it ever occur to you that there might be more than one blue dress in the world?"

"Huh?"

Joe thought it over and the truth suddenly dawned on him.

"Great guns what a sap I've been!" he said.

"Yes—what a sap you've been!" said Clarissa.

A happy grin spread itself slowly over Joe's face.

"Well," said Joe, "I suppose the African lions and cannibals will have to worry along somehow without their breakfast of Joe Eggleston on toast."

What happened immediately afterward shocked several spectators and amused several others, but Joe and Clarissa didn't care.

"Well, golf and love are alike in one respect anyhow," said Joe. "The big thing in both is confidence!"

XXVI

GOLFSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE

By BARRIE PAYNE

THE location of the club in question doesn't matter. Suffice it to say that I stumbled on it by accident while making a motor tour. It was the condition of the course that first aroused my curiosity. An ideal natural layout, with little need for artificial hazards, but covered with weeds four feet high! When I saw the palatial clubhouse the mystery increased. The building was the length of three city blocks and the cheapest material in the whole structure was marble! But the whole place seemed deserted, except for a caretaker. I called the man out and questioned him.

"This is the Hianmitee Country Club," he explained. "It's the most exclusive golf club in the world. Piping Rock is a municipal course compared to this."

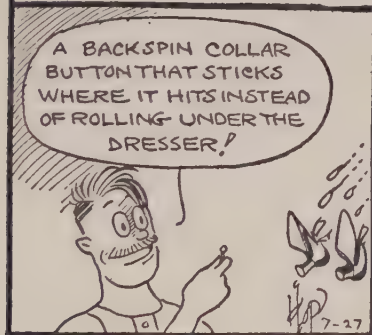
"Who plays here?" I asked.

"Nobody: It's too exclusive!"

"Whom does it exclude?"

"Everybody."

"You mean——?"



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

"Listen. The twelve men who first organized the Hianmitee Club were leading figures in the social life of America. They planned to make it an upstage and Ritzy-nth-power-super-exclusive outfit. The qualifications for membership would make your hair curl into a permanent wave. The applicant must be worth a hundred millions. He must be from a First Family. He must furnish proof that his ancestors were first-cabin passengers on the Mayflower. His name must appear on the first page of the Social Register in large red type. His pedigree must show an unbroken record of gentlemanly conduct, free from moral stain, from the applicant clear back to the monkeys. And proof must be given that the said ancestors were monkeys of the very highest type. And so forth. The idea was to limit the membership to one hundred."

"Where did they find the hundred?"

"They didn't. Nobody could pass the test. At the end of a year's time the membership still consisted of the original twelve. A little later the roster had dwindled to ten. Reginald De Pupster, Third, and Montmorency K. Jackson-Jackson-Jackson had been eliminated. It came out that Reggie's great uncle had once run for Congress, and Monty's cousin had sung (though the critics said not) in vaudeville.

"Other scandals came to light as time went on and one by one the membership dwindled. Well, to make a long story less boresome, the club finally reached the point where it had a large and flourishing membership

named Cornelius J. Rockerstell. Being the only member he was naturally the President of the Club. It was a pitiful sight to see the old boy playing alone, trying to defeat himself in the final round of the club championship, and yelling 'Fore' for no reason in particular."

"And what became of him? He doesn't play here now, and——"

"No. In looking through some old documents he discovered that his distant cousin, Pauline De Razzle-Tazzle, had once eloped with a garbage man. Being a conscientious man he felt it his duty to kick himself out of the Club. So Cornelius J., Member, submitted the case to the membership committee consisting of Cornelius J. and by the unanimous vote of Cornelius J., decided to ask for the resignation of Cornelius J. Accordingly Cornelius J., President, wrote a letter to himself demanding his own resignation, with the postscript 'I hope this will cause no hard feelings between us' and the next day Cornelius J. resigned."

XXVII

AIRPLANES AND GOLF

By CHICK EVANS

WE have all seen what automobiles have meant to golf within the short span of our own time.

They have brought distant golf courses to the city and they have carried the city far into the country, but now with the constant increase of cities even these far suburban courses are proving inadequate. There seems no longer room in suburban districts and countryside, twenty-five or fifty miles away. We must go farther into the country to find space for the crowds of golfing people who are learning the game.

Is it too much to think that airplanes will take the place in daily use of automobiles, and lead in the race for the annihilation of distance? Golf owed much to the automobile and developed with it. If it finds increased development with the airplane, it will become in a higher degree than we think possible now the greatest sport in the world. In a small way we have already had some experience with airplanes and golf, for many a player has been able to keep his golf engagements by

the aid of an airplane. I have had some interesting airplane adventures in connection with golf myself. The first time I was ever in an airplane I was taken up by Lincoln Beachy at Pinehurst, North Carolina, as a reward for winning the North and South Championship for 1911. Looking at a picture of that plane now one wonders that the intrepid Beachy was able to live so long. Returning from the National Amateur Golf Championship of 1920 I left the New York train at South Bend where I was met by an airplane that carried me to Kokomo, in time for a golf exhibition match with Vardon, Ray and Bob MacDonald. This same plane, through the courtesy of Mr. James C. Patten, brought MacDonald and me to Chicago, landing him at the Bob-o-Link Golf Club and me on the eleventh fairway at Edgewater. Joe Kirkwood, I recall, was able to keep an important golf engagement by the use of an airplane, after missing his train. Last summer, I had the honor to be invited by Mr. T. Suffern Tailer to play in the Gold Mashie Tournament at Newport. He said that I could come to New York and would there be met by an airplane that would carry me to his club, saving time for my business. I was not able to go, but the idea pleased me mightily; it showed what the airplane could accomplish for golfers. I recall its convenience in another sport; in 1921 I was enabled to see the English Derby by a flight from Paris to London, landing there not many minutes before the races began.

My golf clubs have traveled through the air many

THE FIRST PRIZE FOR SELF
CONTROL GOES TO THE OLD
SPHINX OUT IN THE DESERT!



WHY
?

NEHEP

THE SPHINX
HAS SPENT 2000 YEARS
IN A SAND TRAP AND
HASNT SAID A WORD!



Copyright, 1927, Associated Editors, Inc.

(11)

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

times, and there is one trip that I remember with special pleasure. I had been playing in the Mid-Continent Open Tournament at Wichita, Kansas. I have a very dear friend in Wichita, Roy Crummer, and I had made an engagement with him for the evening of the final. Then came a very pressing invitation to play at Tulsa, the afternoon of the following day, but the only train left at 7 P. M. that day. Major Burwell came readily to the rescue, and offered to carry Walter Hagen and me in two of the fast pursuit planes which had just returned from the Pulitzer races at Dayton, Ohio. Of course it was necessary to get permission from the Chief of Staff at Washington. Colonel Patrick was telegraphed, permission was granted, and we were on our way at twelve o'clock the next noon. We circled the lovely Wichita Golf course once and then sped on our way.

I append some notes written by the Major, which formed his side of the only sort of a conversation that one can hold in an airplane. He has my replies. I think his side of it is very interesting, more so to me perhaps, because I was holding a map of the route at the time.

“Note the large size of the wheat fields and extent of Kansas cultivation. Good emergency landing fields. Town of Davidson, Kansas. Almost to Arkansas City, Kansas. See how river bends on the map. Visibility only five miles. See those warts; they are cornstalks. Strong, straight wind against us. See smoke and the ripples on the water. Now in Oklahoma. All O. K. ampere 2,

Temp. 75, air 3, oil 45, speed 95, R. P. M. 1500, altitude 1000, compass S 30° E. I wish I was as steady and reliable as this old motor and didn't cut out any oftener. Country getting rougher. I will climb up a couple thousand feet higher. Long train, must be empties. Robby has Hagen up over a mile. The darn railroad must have gone into a big long tunnel. When you are sure the compass is wrong then change your mind. See the train, the big R. R. curves; how the towns are laid out; and distances between towns. Note oil derricks on knolls, also old dry holes and grief. Pawhuska, Oklahoma, quite a town, isn't it? Getting bumpier; I wonder how Walter Hagen's tummy is standing it. Our maps do not show woods and paved roads like the splendid French maps. Doesn't the parachute make you feel more secure? This beats reconnoitering on horse-back. Have you some paper?"

When we reached Tulsa, Doctor S. G. Kennedy, an old friend of mine came out in an airplane to meet us. We circled the golf course which looked very beautiful from the air. It was like a lovely green and yellow miniature map and we could see the gallery waiting at the first tee.

I think that the time will come when every golf club will have its landing fields for the benefit of its players. Already there is a desire on the part of aviators to have landing fields near golf courses because in an emergency a golf course provides a safe spot for landing. The most thrilling tale of aviation I ever heard in peace time was

one in which Major Macready took part. He was doing night flying over the city of Dayton, and his engine went wrong. It was a despairing moment, with all the dangers of the city roofs below him. He tried for the golf course and his parachute caught in one of the trees, but he got down all right. He must have felt at that time that there was a close and safe connection between golf and aviation. Golf is a world game and the time may come when an enthusiastic golfer may mount his airplane and golf his way around the world.

XXVIII

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON

By CHICK EVANS

I STOOD on a certain tee the other day transfixed in admiration of the brilliantly-hued landscape outstretched before me. Words are too feeble to express what I felt. Some onlooker might have said that my admiration was for an amazingly graceful little girl who had just driven off from a nearby tee. She did, indeed, seem much more alive, much more of the out-door untrammelled American than the tea and bridge table girls, meticulously careful of speech and dress. Therefore I cannot deny the fact that the by-stander may have been partly right in his surmise and the graceful silhouette of the young girl, as the evening began to fall, was a part of the charm that rested like a magic garment enveloping earth, air and sky.

We hear a great deal of the beauty of the springtime, and golfers who are forced to spend their winters north are particularly alive to it, I think; the faint green, newly-appearing on tree and bush, verdant shoots push-

ing up through the brown sod, and flowers gradually appearing everywhere, and here and there the clear song of a bird and the slight perfume of the air that thrills one with hope and general optimism. But alas! In a northern spring the wind that thrills also chills and penetrates one's very bones, and can utterly destroy the sense of beauty for the man outdoors. Cold hands and feet, and a whole shivering body take away something of the enjoyment of the golfer. But there is the air of promise, of hope, and that, after all, is the true thrill of springtime. It is the youth of the season and all things seem possible and beautiful to youth.

When lamenting the close of the year, we should always remember certain little carefully concealed unpleasantnesses of the spring. Surely it is in golden October that we of the Middle West can most comfortably play our golf for pleasure and not for the laying up of cups and titles. Then, if ever, come golden days and air that stimulates to exertion. The real trouble with autumn is that winter follows so quickly after. It is that assurance that takes its natural joyousness away from us, for certainly Nature has meant it to be a happy season, but our minds keep straying to scenes of snow and ice and piercing winds and all the days when country club houses stand cold, vacant and cheerless and tees are slippery and greens little skating rinks, while fairways and roughs are something like rocky highways. It is the fear of the future that keeps us from the full enjoyment of the happy present. With-

out imagination we could see unclouded all the sunny gold of October.

As I stood on the tee, that late mid-October afternoon with the glowing red and yellow of foliage roundabout and something of the glory of summer still at hand, some one had just said to me that this was the first year, in eighteen years, that I had not held a golf championship and that on sixteen of these years the title was either national or western in scope. And he said that he wondered how I felt to find myself after all these years title-less.

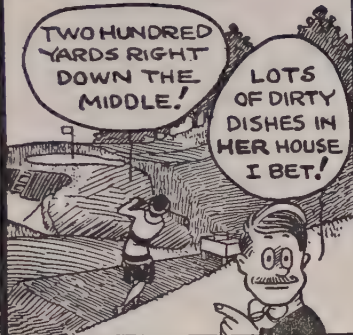
It seems to me that that is a question one can hardly answer off-hand. Everyone craves success; it is what we strive for, and all failure leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. At least at first; but I suppose that constant success would take away all the zest of one's game, and that is why golf was invented with its ups and downs, always numerous enough to keep us meek and modest.

The good sportsman must always be a philosopher taking sport and life as it comes. Were it not for the barren years, I suppose that we should never be sufficiently grateful for fruitful ones. Individual success or failure is almost never so surprising as it seems to the outsider. A golf course is never a billiard table or a tennis court and balls and even clubs are but slightly standardized and when one thinks of the length of the modern courses, their numerous inequalities that can make two equally well-played shots absolutely unlike in results, the various hazards, the varying nature of long

WE OFTEN
HEAR THIS—

TWO HUNDRED
YARDS RIGHT
DOWN THE
MIDDLE!

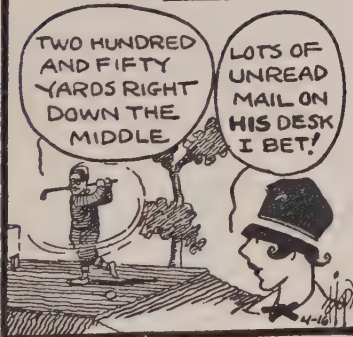
LOTS
OF DIRTY
DISHES IN
HER HOUSE
I BET!



— SO WHY
NOT THIS?

TWO HUNDRED
AND FIFTY
YARDS RIGHT
DOWN THE
MIDDLE

LOTS OF
UNREAD
MAIL ON
HIS DESK
I BET!



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

grass, the out-of-bounds, the so-called "luck of the draw"—one wonders that any man can ever win a championship. It all seems chance, the maddest sort of chance. But that is not true, of course, for a certain degree of skill must belong to any player who wins. Besides that, however, he is more or less at the mercy of his nerves, his digestion, his rheumatism, the officials, the gallery, bad news, and scores of other mischances that may throw a luckless golfer out of the game. Any one of these may happen, but perhaps after all there is nothing on most occasions but a man's own bad playing that proves his undoing.

When a year or so has passed it is of but little consequence which player won the important match. What is important is that the game goes on, with hundreds of players where one had been before, and skill increasing in like proportion. Here at the end of the season we are having an interesting playtime, then will come the winter's rest and another year to try one's skill.

Perhaps the girl on the nearby tee and the philosophical player on the other may find the key to success when the season rolls around once more.

XXIX

AUTO GOLF

By BARRIE PAYNE

AUTO golf is a game that can be played the year 'round in all climates. A pedestrian serves as the ball. This game differs from regular golf in that you're supposed to "murder the ball." A city street is the fairway. The course is eighteen blocks long, each block representing a hole.

A hospital is located at the end of each block in the first sixteen. These hospitals are the "Greens." The seventeenth and eighteenth greens are a morgue and cemetery respectively.

The object of the game is to land one ball on each of the 18 greens in the fewest possible number of strokes. (Sixteen crippled, one dead and one bruised is a full game.)

The pedestrian is on his feet at the beginning of play (teed up, so to speak) and the first stroke is the "drive." The player is supposed to start his car with a slow rhythmical motion (the downswing) and speed it up at the point of impact. After the first stroke the pedes-



trian must be "played from where he lies." If correctly hit he will be driven straight down the street and the second shot will be easy. If, however, you hook or slice him into the gutter he's in a trap and must be played out with a motorcycle. The motorcycle is also used in extreme cases when playing out of the rough (the sidewalk). If you knock the pedestrian through a shop window he's "out of bounds," and another pedestrian must be dropped, penalty one stroke.

The front bumper on your car can be adjusted at different angles to secure the necessary "loft." For instance, if a street car or other high obstruction stands in the line of flight the pedestrian must be knocked high in the air to "carry" the hazard. For this shot the bumper can be adjusted to a niblick loft. The ball must be hit above the center (higher than the waistline) if backspin is desired. If the ball has a fractured skull it indicates that you've been "topping."

A fat, heavy "ball" is easier to hit, but harder to control, especially when you're driving against a wind. A light, skinny pedestrian is harder to get up, but gives more distance when properly struck, the wind resistance being less.

The method of scoring is easy. Each hole is a par four, making the par of the course 72. If you have to hit your pedestrian four times to land him in the hospital you've got a "par." If you take a three on the hole you've got a "birdie," etc. If you "lay him dead" on the tee shot you've got a short putt for an "eagle."

A taxi driver is known as a "pro," but a lot of amateur players are almost as good. A dub can quickly learn all the principles of "correct form" by watching a cab driver in action.

The game of auto golf originated in America. Detroit is known as "The American St. Andrews." The game is now enjoyed—especially by the undertakers—in every city, town and village of this continent.

XXX

GOLF SCRIBE QUOTES FIGURES TO PROVE SOMETHING OR OTHER MAYBE

By BARRIE PAYNE

ALL the truthful golfers in the world, if laid end to end, would reach from the steps of Independence Hall in Philadelphia to the steps of Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

The total money paid to caddies in the U. S. A. and Canada during a single year would buy 3,098,467 hot dog sandwiches—and does.

The total divots replaced annually on public courses, if dried and converted into hay, would make one and three-eighths mouthfuls for a horse.

The total amount of vocal energy expended per annum in braying “Fore” would make 3,987,231 jackasses red in the face—and does.

If all the slices made in a single year were joined in one curved line it would reach 5,098 times around the Sun and twice around Irvin Cobb.

The total cash paid for liquor by members of golf clubs during 1927 would buy 4,000,000 gallons of em-

balming fluid, 3,000,000 gallons of fusel oil, 2,000,000 gallons of furniture polish, 1,500,000 gallons of kerosene—and did.

If all the impatient golfers who drive into the bunch ahead were laid side by side across the bottom of the Mediterranean it would be a splendid idea.

If all the golfers who like to play with their wives were brought together in a rocking chair he'd be pronounced insane.

The total yells emitted in 52 weeks by all the fast twosomes on the American continent would make 1,546,970 slow foursomes budge three-sixteenths of an inch—and does.

The total energy expended by golfers in swinging clubs would, in 12 months, drive 5,000,098,453 balls straight down the fairway for an average distance of 200 yards—but doesn't.

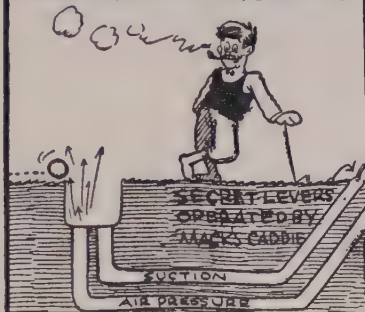
If the 4,098,765,345,345,876 dubbed shots blamed annually on somebody's talking were made in the midst of perfect silence 4,005,564,987,324,301 of them would be dubbed anyhow.

If the 4,098,678,987 approach shots played annually were left lying the balls would form a pyramid a mile high, 33 yards short of the green.

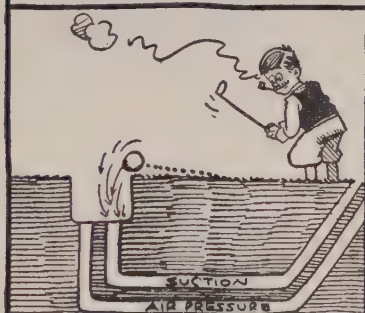
If all tee boxes on the American continent with the correct yardage lettered thereon were piled in one stack and burned, the heat produced would fry three fish eggs.

If the 4,987,098,567 putts conceded annually in this

MACK'S LATEST INVENTION



AIR PRESSURE BLOWS BALL
OUT WHEN OPPONENT PUTTS



SUCTION DRAWS BALL IN WHEN
MACK PUTTS.

(Copyright 1927 Associated Editors, Inc.)

NEHER &

1-6

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

country were played out 3,098,567,543 of them would be missed.

The total per annum eyestrain suffered by 2,987,456 caddies in trying to watch where the balls go is responsible, according to opticians' figures, for the sale of four pairs of glasses.

Of the 5,000,000 golfers who expect to play better next year 2,000,000 will play just the same and 3,000,000 will get worse.

Of the 8,000,000 remedies for slices tried during the past year 7,000,000 increased the slice and 1,000,000 produced a hook.

Of the 5,000,000 players who read golf articles during the next twelve months 4,000,000 will read mine and 1,000,000 will waste their time.

XXXI

THE PASSING OF THE GOLF WIDOW

By CHICK EVANS

ONCE upon a time the joyous game of golf was saddened by the thought of the lonely woman who stayed at home and never allowed us to forget her loneliness. The golfing man was a selfish creature who neglected the wife of his bosom and his little children while he enjoyed himself at the club; he was always late to dinner and his temper at the family meal depended upon the sort of game he had played that day. But times have changed since that doleful period, and a woman who plays golf herself—and there are thousands of them—can hardly be called a golf widow.

I have never sympathized with those golfers who do not want women to play and I have considerable sympathy with the women when men insist they should have their courses all to themselves. The golf widow was the one blot on our otherwise stainless escutcheon and the best way to remove her was to wed her to the game.

The whole atmosphere of the golfer's home has changed since the advent of women in golf. In the old

I TRIED TO
TEACH MRS JONES
TO PLAY BUT SHE'S
ABSOLUTELY HOPELESS—
ON THE FIFTH TEE I
TOLD HER TO TAKE HER
IRON AND WHAT DO
YOU SUPPOSE SHE
SAID? — SHE SAID
SHE WAS SORRY
BUT SHE LEFT
ALL HER MEDICINE
AT HOME!



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

days the golfing husband knew he must be home at six-thirty for dinner and along about six, after his game had been going badly, he found himself just beginning to hit them. It was heartbreaking and temper-destroying to leave a rejuvenated game and go home to a cross wife and generally shadowed household. Now, however, the dear lady has been there herself and understands just how important it is to keep going while the going is good. To be sure there have always been women who cheerfully tolerated their husbands' golf even though they did not play themselves, but such wives were naturally rare. Nowadays, however, our golf clubs are largely country clubs and women can go out and spend their afternoons playing bridge, meeting their friends, and trying out the putting course while their husbands golf to their hearts content.

In every club a fairly large proportion of women play and their games are rapidly improving. Club tournaments, sectional tournaments and national tournaments for the favored few, take up their time, the woman's events being usually followed by mixed four-somes.

I think that the following true story accurately reflects the spirit of the present day "golf widow":

There is a member of a certain golf club who has a wife and five children. She is not a golf widow, they are not golf orphans and not so many years ago he was not a golfer, but he was and is a model husband and father. Each day he came home promptly from his work to his

wife and children and he was accustomed to spend all his Saturday afternoons and all his Sundays with them.

The wife is a wise and observant woman and she reflected that however admirable her husband's conduct might be it was not conducive to the best health. She felt that he needed some outdoor amusement to take his mind from the constant strain of his responsibilities, and to give him the needed exercise. How to bring this about was a puzzle.

Christmas was approaching and the question of the proper gift for the husband and father arose. The thoughtful wife considered the matter carefully and made an excellent decision.

On Christmas morning the husband came down to the breakfast table alone. Presently the wife appeared with a fine golf bag which she handed to him; then the eldest child appeared carrying a very good driver; the next elder bore a brassie; the next a midiron; the next a mashie; and then the baby came in proudly bearing a putter. The wife spoke for them all: "John, here are our Christmas presents for you and they are meant to be more than a hint to guide your future conduct. Use them well. You have been a most devoted father, a splendid husband, and you have worked too hard for us. You have earned the right to play."

The deeply moved man took the full golf equipment gratefully. He realized his wife's wisdom and her careful regard for his health. He plays regularly now and is a very good golfer. His health is excellent and there

is no sign of a golf widow or lonely orphans to be found in that family.

I hope that this little story will inspire some other wife and children to go and do likewise.

Yes, the day of the golf widow has departed. Golf is now cleared of the suspicion of dividing homes. It is good for both husband and wife, and the increased happiness that it brings should make the matrimonial yoke rest lightly.

XXXII

HOW TO INSULT A GOLFER

By BARRIE PAYNE

GOLFER GRIFFIN McGOOF was seated on the ground near the first tee at the Swattaputta Club, his back against a tree, smoking his pipe and indulging in pleasant day-dreams. But his reveries were presently disturbed by the arrival of Mr. Geiger Gabb. Mr. Gabb dropped on the ground beside McGoof and abruptly remarked, "Griff, I've got something important to tell you. It's unpleasant news and I hate to tell it, but I feel it my duty to acquaint you with certain facts." (Women do most of the gossiping in books and plays, but this was real life.)

"Yes, I know how it hurts you to tell it. But if you feel it your duty——"

"It's about Artie Arsen. He—he dislikes you."

"Nothing original about that. It's been done before," yawned Griffin.

"Do you know what he's accused you of?"

"Stealing dolls from an orphans' asylum, probably, or putting dynamite under the old ladies' home?"

THE BEGINNER

WHAT TIME
IS IT?

FORE!



GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!
—THOSE MEN HEARD
WHAT I SAID AND
THEY MUST BE
A MILE AWAY!



ALLEN COLLEGE
LIBRARY

"No. During your term as treasurer some of the funds of this club disappeared in rather a mysterious way and Arsen intimates that you—er—that your eyesight must be bad—that you can't tell other people's money from your own and——"

"Tut, tut. He shouldn't say that. He ought to be ashamed of himself," said Griffin, puffing away at his pipe.

"And he intimates that you deliberately served poisoned gin at a certain party, intending to kill Jim——"

"It wasn't gin. It was Scotch. Gimme a match—Ho, ho, hum. I begin to suspect that I'm not very popular with Mr. Arsen."

"You certainly do catch on fast," said Gabb, in mock sarcasm.

"Anything else?" asked McGoof, grinning. "Did he by any chance, accuse me of swiping pennies from a blind man's tin cup?"

"He didn't stop with you. He brought your wife into it!"

"What did he say about her?"

"He intimated that she—er—ah—please don't be offended. I'm telling you this because you are my friend. Please try to remain calm. Get a good grip on yourself. Now—he hinted that your wife isn't exactly—er——"

"Well, maybe she's not. I don't know. Have you got another match?"

"And he called you a faker and a fraud—said your

hair wasn't your own—accused you of wearing a toupee——”

“I do. I've been wearing it for——”

“And he said you played the rottenest game of golf he ever saw in his life! ! ! ! !”

Ah, now we come to the *climax*, *Readers!* *You are expecting us to say*, are you not, that McGoof turned deadly pale, sprang to his feet, gnashed his teeth, bit himself in the arm, plunged into the clubhouse crying, “The fiend of hell! I'll kill him!” then secured a pistol and shot Arsen down like a dog? That's what you're expecting, isn't it?

Well, you're right. That's what he did!

XXXIII

HOW TO WIN A HUSBAND

By BARRIE PAYNE

YES, girls, the road to a man's heart is through his vanity—especially his golf vanity. Flattery may fail if you confine your compliments to his brains, ability and personal charm. But praise his skill with the mashie and—bang!—you immediately knock him for a row of groomsmen and bridesmaids. As a matter of fact, an appeal to a man's golf vanity is such a deadly weapon that its use might be considered unsportsmanlike. It's like using a cannon to kill flies. However, if all's fair in l. and w., and if your conscience will permit, here's a list of simple hints that may prove useful:

Don't call him a "handsome brute," a "big brave hero" or a "red-blooded he-man." Call him "Walter Hagen."

Don't tell him, "I hear you made a monkey out of Wall Street and took their money right away from them." Tell him, "I was talking to Colonel Bogey yesterday. He says you've turned the tables on him. He says you used to chase him but now *he's* chasing *you*.—

Stop! Don't kiss me here before all these people."

Don't tell him he looks like Hercules, Adonis, Apollo or John Gilbert. Tell him he looks like Bobby Jones.

Don't tell him how nifty he looks in a dress suit. Tell him he's a knockout in knickers and checked stockings.

Comments on his "long head" may leave him cold. But make casual reference to his "long drives" and he'll follow you around pleading "Say it again. I love to hear it."

Don't tell him, "I hear you cleaned up fifty thousand in real estate last week." Tell him, "I hear you beat Bill two up and won fifty cents." The fifty thousand is a mere trifle, but the fifty cents represents a real achievement.

When he's in trouble be sure to say the right thing. "Hold your head up and keep a stiff upper lip" is all wrong. "Hold your head down and keep a stiff left arm" is correct.

Don't praise him for the two lives he saved in a burning building. Praise him for the two strokes he saved by holing an explosion shot.

Don't praise him for the way he swings big deals. Praise him for the way he swings a brassie.

Don't tell him you saw his name in "Who's Who." Tell him you saw his picture in *The American Golfer*, *Golf Illustrated* or *The Golfer's Magazine*.

"Tell me all about yourself" is a good line, but he may not fall for it. "Tell me how you play a spoon to

Something new
in Golf Togs—

I WANTED TO
PLAY IN KNICKERS
BUT MY WIFE THOUGHT
I LOOKED BETTER IN
LONG TROUSERS SO
WE COMPROMISED
ON THIS.



Hop
5-27

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

get backspin" is a sure shot. He'll talk your right ear off and wear his tongue down to a mere stub.

Don't tell him he has nice eyes, but praise his ability to keep them on the ball.

In praising his athletic physique you should lay particular stress on his powerful wrists, since strength of wrist is the prime asset of a good golfer.

When you hold his hand be sure to use the Vardon grip. The interlocking grip can be applied with both arms when the occasion demands.

Try something like this: "Oh, John, your stance is simply marvelous! Your form with the mashie is too sweet for words! Your putting is just adorable! Your pivoting is gorgeous!" It sounds crude, but it works.

In short, the formula for winning the heart of a man can be boiled down to three simple rules: (1) Praise his golf, (2) Praise his golf, (3) Praise his golf.

XXXIV

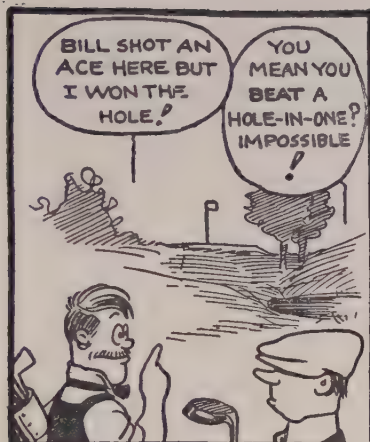
THE GOLFERS OF TOMORROW

By CHICK EVANS

YOUTH treads fast upon the heels of Age, and the community that leaves its young boys without a sport must expect to fall behind those that lend their youngsters the necessary encouragement. It is so easy for the older players to forget the fact that the good adult golfer must begin young. Not always of course, for we have had notable examples to the contrary, but generally speaking training should begin with the young when muscles are pliant and imitative faculties are strong. The older golfer must learn by precept piled upon precept, but the boy sees and does. His shots are clever imitations of other players and if his models are good his game is likely to be so, too.

Bobby Jones was brought up beside a golf course and nearly all of the leading golfers began to play at a very tender age.

Without doubt, however, if a great number of young boys should attempt to play upon already crowded courses it would work a big hardship for their fathers



and other adult members of the club. It costs a great deal to keep up a golf course, even a considerably used golf course. "What would it not cost," says our pessimist, "to keep up a course over-run by the most careless of young players?" And all that the elders, the poor sustaining golfers, could do would be to sit on the verandahs and watch their young hopefuls cut up the course. It is a gloomy picture, but it is true!

We are all inclined to exaggerate the good or the bad, depending upon the side on which we stand. We may all be aiming to reach the same spot and as a rule it is neither the high road nor the low road but the middle road that is best. And just as that happens to be the case in almost any journey we are called on to undertake, so it is that whenever a new idea is presented to our minds we begin with seeing all the difficulties or lack of them that beset the new undertakings.

I can truly say that, aside from eager little caddies, I have not seen any great body of American youth clamoring for golf. There are more young players on the public links, but on the whole only a comparatively few of the great body of golfers on private courses are young boys. Most of them are finding baseball, tennis and football, unhampered by their elders, more to their liking. Those, however, who do play golf take a deep and serious interest in it, and they deserve much encouragement, for it is on such as they that the future success of the game rests.

The average boy prefers the more strenuous games—

something fast and strong. They want action such as tennis gives them, swift and constant, for accuracy and speed make a strong appeal to youth and this liking for speed will always direct the very young in their choice of a game and it will therefore tend to keep down the youthful devotees of golf. Now I hold that a good game of golf takes all that is in you of physical and mental skill, but these qualities do not appear on the surface. There is simply no comparison of the alert, tip-toe game of tennis or the rough-and-tumble of football or the rush and movement of baseball to the slower-motioned, serious, thoughtful game that the canny Scots preserved for us. When, however, golf does appeal to the young boy it becomes an obsession; it seems to enter into his very soul and such a boy is the promising material of which the great golfer is made.

Years ago I realized that the future of golf must lie with the training of the young boys. They must, I saw, grow up with the game. The clubs must become an extension of their arms, their every movement a wave of rhythm and the arrowy flight of the little white ball through the blue a benediction to the eye. Only when movement, thought, strength and sight are all correlated can one be said to be a good golfer and that correlation is only reached by practice that begins in youth and lasts through years.

Does that sound formidable? Would you say that you were binding a boy to an impossible thing? Is he being chained to a galley or to a rock-pile? Far, very

far, from it. For to a boy with a natural aptitude for the game who spends his life near a golf course the practice is a joy. It is his pleasure, his recreation. It is not drudgery but the pleasure that an artist takes in his work. He tries for rhythm and when he achieves it there is a feeling of intense joy.

What the young boy golfer needs is an opportunity to practice and then to be able to turn the fruit of that practice into a perfect game. He holds that ideal before him and though he may never attain it he will always find great happiness in trying for it.

And this is what I beg of the adult golfers: when you have found the young boy who takes his game with a serious pleasure give him the helping hand. Let him work out his game happily and enjoy it in his own way. There will not be so many of his kind, for perseverance and cheerful industry are not exactly common virtues. They have the quality of the unusual and by such attributes the long, hard way is traveled to the desired end. And with such characteristics the boy of today becomes the golfer of tomorrow.

XXXV

WHY I SELDOM MARRY

By **BARRIE PAYNE**

BECAUSE Mary, after I had driven five balls into the creek, cried, "Oh, isn't that an adorable little brook? See the beautiful water lilies and the lovely waterfall!"

Because Clarissa, height four feet, weight one-eighty, insisted upon playing in knickers.

Because I had to hold a parasol over Maybelle, all the way around the course, to preserve her precious complexion.

Because Ethel, when I told her my caddie had been injured, replied, "Can't you have a new shaft put in it?"

Because Natalie putted with a spoon.

Because Louise always forgot her compact or cigarettes and had to send the caddie back for them, making me carry her golf bag in the meantime.

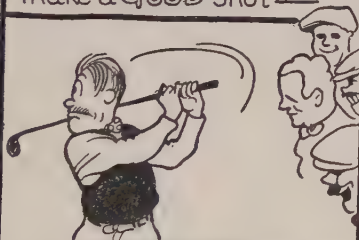
Because Lucy always dressed for comfort on hot days with no great benefit to my concentration.

Because Cecile wore high-heeled shoes and practiced the latest dance steps on every putting-green.

Another deep mystery
of Golf



Why is it that **NOBODY** is
EVER looking when you
make a **GOOD** shot —



—but **EVERYBODY** and his
ten cousins are **ALWAYS**
looking when you **MESS**
ONE UP ?

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Because Nerissa objected to my profanity and said, "Lemme show you how."

Because Vivienne thought it would be a splendid idea to plant a flower bed in the middle of each green.

Because Nan, to avoid missing the ball, placed her club behind and PUSHED it along.

Because Kate, when my long brassie shot stopped a foot short of the cup, remarked, "You didn't hit it hard enough."

Because Agnes always played in perishable clothes and quit the game at the first sign of a cloud, even if it was only a cloud of smoke.

Because Nanette preferred tennis to golf and showed other signs of mental derangement.

Because Nina pulled this one: "I think you're mean for counting my shots in the sand trap. They were just little ones—that didn't amount to anything."

Because Elise, on a certain occasion, played right-handed with left-handed clubs and said she didn't notice any difference in her score.

Because Lucille closed her eyes while chopping holes in the ball since she "couldn't bear to see it suffer."

Because Grace was given to sudden exclamations about the beauty of the scenery and always timed her comments to synchronize with my swing.

Because Margaret, on every tree-lined fairway deliberately stayed in the rough so she could play in the shade.

Because Miriam, an enthusiastic horse-woman, re-

fused to play unless allowed to take her horse along and ride from one shot to the next. (The coroner examined the greenskeeper and pronounced it apoplexy.)

And because Belle, who took the game seriously and played in the eighties, couldn't see a dub like me through field glasses.

XXXVI

RUNNER-UP IN THE SWAMPBOGG OPEN

By **BARRIE PAYNE**

THE craving to win a golf cup (says Munchausen Muggs) is the only ambition that has clung to me. The desire to own a steam calliope, to be a Japanese juggler, to tour the country with a troupe of trained fleas—all these early aspirations have faded with the years. But the mad passion to win a golf championship has persisted and increased.

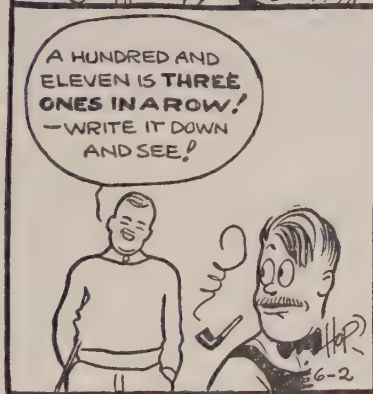
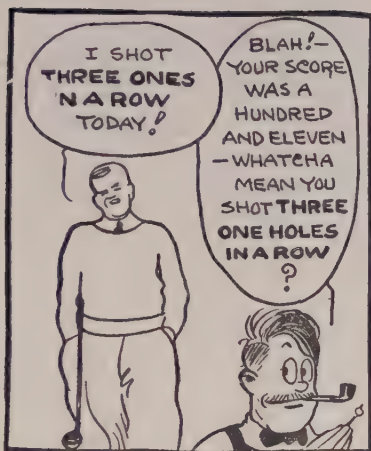
But wantin' ain't gittin', as Milton says. In twenty years of golf I've won nothing whatsoever—not even the 25-cent box of wooden tees for runner-up in the fifth flight. In a golf tournament I've as much chance as a beggar in Scotland or a one-legged girl in a Ziegfeld chorus.

But I keep on trying. Once I traveled three days on horseback and crawled the last four miles through the underbrush to play in the open championship of Swampbogg County. Here was my big chance, I thought. Swampbogg had only ten golfers; nine of them were in

jail for moonshining, leaving a one-armed blind man who had played only two games.

Well, to abbreviate a long story, I was eight strokes up with nine holes to go as the tournament neared its end. The handsome brass medal was almost within my grasp. But anything can happen in golf—and usually does. Starting at the tenth tee the blind man hit his stride, reeled off a string of eights and squared the match at the seventeenth green!

I began to get nervous. My drive off the eighteenth tee was a beautiful putt. The ball, barely touched by the club, struck an iron marker and jumped into the sand box. The whole gallery roared with laughter—till I told him to shut up. The committee ruled that the tee box was a regular sand hazard and the ball must be played “as is.” In attempting to do so I upset the box and was half drowned with dirty water. The committee penalized me two strokes “for improving a lie” and two more “just on general principles.” (The committee was pulling for my opponent, of course, and making up rules as they went along. It’s a wonder they didn’t penalize me half the distance to the goal for unnecessary roughness in hitting the ball.) I dubbed my next shot into a creek and found the ball lying on top of a live turtle. I played the shot but the ball struck a tree, kicked straight back across the tee and rolled out of bounds under a fence. Threw myself for a loss and went out of bounds, all at one crack! The committee insisted I must play the next shot from the turtle’s back,



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

as before—but the turtle had gone away from there! I spent an hour looking for him. When I found him the committee swore it wasn't the same turtle. Everything had happened to me except smallpox and I was expecting that any minute. I threw my clubs in the bag and conceded the match.

I next conceived the idea of moving to some locality where no golf was played, where I would be the only golfer and therefore the champ. So I had a cup made, bearing the following inscription: "M. Muggs, Open Champion of Island Number 333 In The Thousand Islands." I arrived on Island 333 one month later, in company with a Chinese servant. We built a hut and settled down to a life of unchallenged golf supremacy.

For three days all went well. On the fourth day a ship was wrecked off the coast and one survivor was washed ashore. The Chink discovered him and reported to me.

"No way to beat the game," I groaned. "The gods of the dice are loaded. I bet four dollars it's Bobby Jones."

"No, Mr. Muggs, do not fear," said the Chink. "I made inquiry of the worthy gentleman. His name is not Jones at all—it's Hagen."

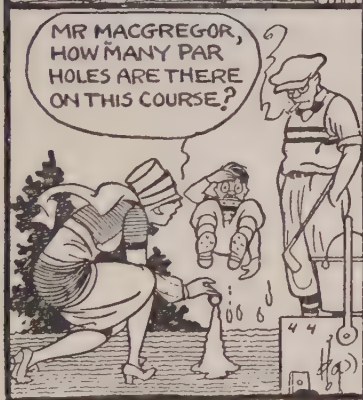
XXXVII

GOLF PILGRIMAGES

By CHICK EVANS

A NEW era has dawned for golf, and it seems to me that it should be called the Age of Pilgrims. I think that our concern with it begins when, as little children, we were told the story of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on "a stern and rock-bound coast," after a perilous voyage over an unknown sea, into a hostile, comfortless land where savages lurked, and hunger stalked, but where these sturdy pioneers, scorning privation, could enjoy the liberty of practicing their religion as they saw fit. It was not a journey of pleasure-seeking or adventure. Something fine and austere, but a bit forbidding is the story; nothing pleasant or attractive about it except as high principle and self-sacrifice in other people always charm us, and these qualities are a part of the strength of character that has built itself into a great republic.

Then when we reached the study of English we learned to read with difficulty, as in a foreign language, Chaucer's fascinating tale of the Canterbury Pilgrims.



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

A very human and happy set they were who combined their religious duties with a pleasant sense of humor, interest in one's neighbors and enjoyment all the long way of a religious pilgrimage into the very "pleasant county of Kent."

We learned then that pilgrims need not necessarily choose the difficult way and we learned, too, that some sorts of pilgrimages were very cheerful affairs well worth undertaking for reasons of change and association and general pleasure.

But once upon a time the majority of golfers in this country stayed decorously at home and only the brazen few of best players cared to carry their clubs openly about the country. These golfers played overseas too but they were very modest about it and rules had to be suspended to enable them, without prohibitive expense, to travel to the various competitions abroad; and they came back quietly too, preserving a sort of an apologetic attitude towards their sport.

All of that is changed. Everybody golfs now and since golf is such a friendly game—quiet and reserved it may be, but friendly—the desire has arisen to meet the golfers and view the courses in all parts of the world, not only in one's own country but across the seas. It was a natural progression.

At first a man might be easily satisfied with his own course and club-mates, but as time passes he finds himself wondering how his game and the games of his friends compare with those of other golfers in other

parts of the city or country. This budding curiosity soon flowers into a great desire to see the golf and golfers of other cities and other lands. Of course, almost from the very beginning, the rich man of leisure and the professional golfer went South in winter and North in summer but the ordinary golfer who was in business stayed at home.

It is true that clubs and societies often joined together for trips across the country and a group of rather young Midwest golfers made a much-talked-about trip to the Northwest from which they returned broadened in mind and judgment and quickened in patriotic vision. But no one called our trek across the country a pilgrimage; it was not thought a very dignified thing for golfers to do. We were looked down upon and only excused because of our youth, but now if one attempted to criticize a traveling golfer he would have a wholesale job on his hands.

I believe that at first such infrequent trips were called excursions and most of them were rather short affairs to rather easily reached points but the idea spread until it reached from a foreign team match to a tour du monde.

It is a far cry from that first trip taken by young golfers one-quarter across the globe to its complete circle. It would be interesting to read, in the light of the present, the criticisms once made of that little jour-

ney into the Northwest. The world moves and strange things happen. And there is now such a thing as traveling around the globe without special comment, even for golfers.

XXXVIII

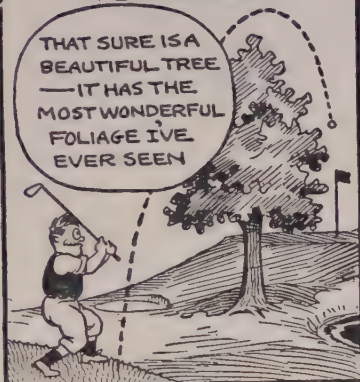
WHILING AWAY AN IDLE CENTURY

By BARRIE PAYNE

THE big vital problem confronting all golfers today is: What To Do While Waiting For A Slow Player To Shoot. The time consumed in waiting for delayberate dalliers to dubb their shots would, in the course of a lifetime, total months and years. But life is short, Father Time is a Nurmi, and when you're dead you're dead permanently. So this time should not be wasted in idle profanity, but devoted to some useful purpose. While your companion, slower than Justice and first cousin to a crippled snail, is occupied with the tedious business of selecting a club, discarding it, selecting another, cleaning the dust from its face, walking up to the green to examine its every angle and curve, walking back to his ball, taking his stance, shifting his feet, adjusting and readjusting his grip, addressing his ball, limbering up his shoulders, waggling for a couple of hours, *et cetera ad infuriatum*—while all this is transpiring, what should you be doing besides growing a long beard?

YESTERDAY

THAT SURE IS A
BEAUTIFUL TREE
—IT HAS THE
MOST WONDERFUL
FOLIAGE I'VE
EVER SEEN



TODAY

WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA FOR LEAVING
A—*!@mm!☆!—
UGLY OLD TREE
RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
—☆!@mm!☆!—
FAIRWAY!



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Under such conditions a man usually spends the time fidgeting, cursing softly, tearing his hair, pacing up and down like a caged lion, biting his nails, hoping a tree will fall on his stationary companion or the poor jackass will have apoplexy. But all this is useless and gets him nowhere except into the asylum. Why not devote the time to some useful purpose? The following suggestions may prove helpful:

Practice twiddling your thumbs. You'll have plenty of time to master the fundamentals of plain and fancy thumb-twiddling. In time you may become the Open Champion Thumb-Twiddler. Also learn to wiggle your ears. Lessons from a professional ear-wiggler will help you at the start, but practice is the important thing. Ear-wiggling, a natural adjunct to thumb-twiddling, is a charming accomplishment that should make you welcome in any company. Both tricks can be learned without special equipment either mechanical or mental.

Count all the blades of grass in the fairway, thus establishing a reputation as the world's champ statistician. The figures obtained will prove approximately nothing, thereby tying the best previous record made by statisticians.

Carry a golf guide with you and memorize the names of all clubs on the American continent—pardon me—incontinent. With this list stored in the old bean you'll be able to knock for a row of tee boxes all arguers who claim that golf is a Scotch game. You can prove conclusively that golf was invented by the American Indians

by mentioning the names of the following clubs (but be careful and don't jerk a knot in your tongue): Norumbega, Shenecossett, Wampanoag, Kinchafoonee, Okefenokee, Onwentsia, Soangetaha, Sinnissippi, Maxinkinchee, Meshingomesia, Pattawattamie, Minnertrista, Muscatatuck, Mississinewa, Wapsipinicon, Okoboji, Oaswatomie, Natchitoches, Wyantenuck, Segregansett, Wequetonsing, Wawonowin, Eshquaguma, Moosilau-kee, Baltusrol, Musconetcong, Weequahic, Younttakeh, Genundawah, Wykagyl, Canaswacta, Irondequoit, Yahnundasis, Youghioghenny, Tredyffrin, Kismiminetas, Wanumetonomy, Wannamoisett, Misquamicut, Quitqui-oc, Gitchinadji, etc.—to mention a few of the shorter and more pronounceable ones.

But suppose you've done all this and still need something to while away the hours. Time passes, old age is creeping upon you, and the slow player has not yet made his shot.

It's advisable, at this point, to send to the clubhouse and summon a lawyer. When he arrives you can make your will. Then, if you happen to die before it's your time to shoot, your family will be taken care of.

XXXIX

THE GOLF WIDOWER

By BARRIE PAYNE

DID I ever tell you that big lie about how I grabbed my current wife? No?

"My husband doesn't understand me," Gladys wailed.

"It's a good thing he doesn't," I replied. "Your life is an open book—that should have been kept closed."

"I'm a woman with a soul married to a—to a—oh, I can't say it! The word that describes him is too terrible for a lady to utter!"

"Go ahead and spill it. I need some new cuss words for my golf vocabulary."

"I'm a woman with a soul married to a—NON-GOLFER!"

"Horrible! Most horrible! Oh, you poor kid!"

"He actually scorns golf! He makes fun of it! He holds in contempt the sacred and solemn ceremonies of the Royal and Ancient Game—the blasphemous cur!"

"The unspeakable villain!" Business of shooting off my mouth in riotous indignation. "The hellhound!"

He ought to be publicly lynched every morning at sunrise. It would teach him a lesson."

"And he calls golf an old man's game!"

"Oh—oh—oh! Where is he? Where's my gun?"

"Wait! Don't do anything rash. I've a better solution than that. I'll run off with some other man. I haven't picked him yet, but it ought to be easy. I'm good looking, I'm a good cook, I'm rich, I'm brilliant, I'm well educated, I'm well-bred——"

"—and you're so modest." I knew, only too well, the man she had in mind. But I wasn't interested. I couldn't see her proposition at all.

"And I shot a ninety-two the other day from the men's tees."

That was something else again. "I love you! I love you!" I panted.

Ten minutes later we were running away, speeding over the roads in my Twin-Two roadster, headed for the railroad station.

For the first twenty miles all went well. Then Gladys looked back—and screamed. "Heavens! It's my husband! He's following us! Step on it, for Pete's sake. We gotta make that train before he catches us!"

I jammed the accelerator against the floor and the old bus went away from there. Friend husband faded into the distance like he was tied.

Bang! Also Bing! The course of true love is full of bunkers. One of the rear tires had departed this life.

"Oh," wailed Gladys, like a Girl-Slayer-Confesses

LOOKIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'
ON THE BONNY LINKS O' CLYDE,
LOOKIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'
WITH MY CADDIE BY MY SIDE -
FOR THE BALL THAT'S GONE TO REST
IN THE ROUGH THAT I DETEST -
O' AIN'T IT AWFUL LOOKIN'
IN THE GLO-O-O-MIN

SO'S
YOUR UNCLE
ICHABOD!



NEHERIO

APLGS TO HARRY LAUDER

(Copyright, 1926. Associated Editors, Inc.)

story on the front page, "our dough is cake! Our cook is goose! He's liable to kill me!"

"And what is more important," I said, "he's liable to kill me. A non-golfer is liable to do anything!—But we musn't get cold feet now!"

"I'd rather have cold feet than be cold all over," she sobbed.

While I was struggling to get the spare tire off the rear the pursuing villain overtook us and stopped his car with a sarcastic grin. (Try it some time when your brakes fail to work.)

What do you think he did, readers? Got out and helped me, for fear Gladys and I would miss the train?

Well, not exactly.

He pitched a golf bag into our car and said, "You forgot your clubs, Gladys. I didn't want the damned things left in my house. And don't worry about missing the train. It's thirty minutes late!"

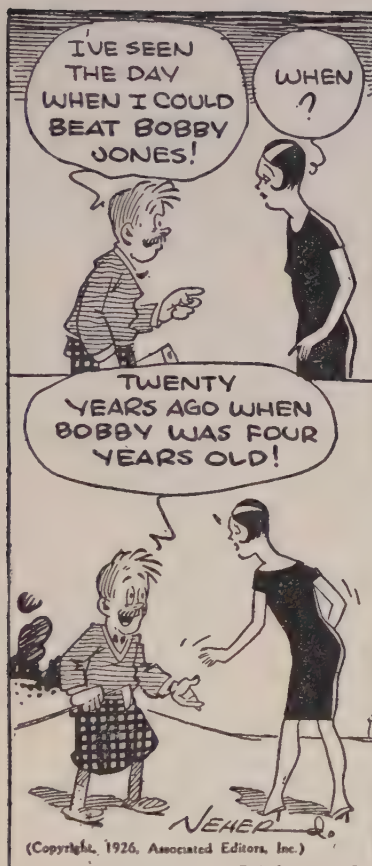
XL

FOLLOWING THE SUN

By CHICK EVANS

WHEN golf first took possession of the hearts of men there came upon them in the Fall of every year a feeling of desolation. For the first cold winds chilled them through and through. It meant that for months and months the beloved sport must be laid aside and all the cunning of hand acquired at such a cost of time and effort must be put away to be half-forgotten until a new golf season rolled around again. During this period of fruitless discontent the minds of golfers dwelt lovingly upon the days of summer. But in a country which extends from ocean to ocean, east and west, and from Canada on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, we can find summer somewhere on its expanse the year round. It is never necessary to leave our own land to find a genial climate.

At first there were no golf courses in the southern part of the United States or in California and the lack of grass was a sad setback to the work of building them but the ingenuity of man spurred on by a ruling passion had its usual results and now there are good golf courses



from one end of this country to another. With golf courses professional golfers were needed and soon, each fall, every golf club professional of a Northern course was bidding his club members goodbye until the next spring. The professionals really came and went with the birds and in consequence they acquired an additional interest in our eyes. We envied them.

In the earlier days there were only a few very rich people, elderly folk or invalids, seeking warmer climates; now times have changed and disclose thousands of business men who take a happy and fruitful holiday where the sun shines brightly, the winds are balmy, and the golf courses are good.

I believe that the golfer loves his game better than the follower of other sports. I know of course that other sportsmen will deny this and equally, of course, I have to confess that I speak from a prejudiced viewpoint, having been under the lure and thrall of golf too many years to be disinterested.

Golf grips. Once you have really enjoyed its benefits you can never forget them. They are like a magnet that draws you on and on and without them life loses its savor. The thrill of cool, country air that cleanses the lungs is an unforgettable joy. "You can get it motoring," says one; but you cannot, for the air in that sport does not really pump through you. It is the exercise of every muscle, such as golf gives, that makes the flow of blood smooth and even. This exercise followed by a shower or tub, gives an unsurpassed feeling of well-

being. Perhaps you picture it all more wonderful than it is when your brain is tired and your busy days are spent, as mine are, among the fogs and snows of a northern winter.

A trip southward in winter time is a wonderful experience. I know because I have unexpectedly been able to make a flying journey to Pinehurst where I am writing this article. This is not the Far South certainly, but far enough to permit enjoyable play in mid-winter. I have not been South before for many, many years, and I was interested not only by the pleasure I found in my own game but also in watching the class of people who played so regularly and with such evident enjoyment. There is something in the fragrance of the piney woods and the mild air that invigorates mind and body. At Pinehurst this week there were elderly people playing under direction of their physicians, delicate boys and girls, a world-famous woman golfer, a great golf writer and authority on the game, a dear old man who loved to draw cartoons, first class players from the flourishing cottage colony and the large crowd of migrant visitors snatching a brief winter holiday.

One of the finest things about golf is that when playing it you can think of nothing else. Consider for a moment how many unpleasant things might otherwise engage our attention. Then there is the joy of the out-of-doors. You love the sun, even though it be under a thin cloud, because only those who have it close at hand can play. You like to feel the rays going through your

clothing—the gentle warmth that means life. You like to see the happy smiles of the people who are playing golf, for they make you feel that there is something else in life beside the mad chase of a dollar.

At Pinehurst you even like the grey days when the sun doesn't hurt your eyes—and the rainy ones, reminiscent of Great Britain. You enjoy the difficulty of hitting that little white ball and sending it where you want it to go and you long to know once more that wholesomely tired feeling and the sweet sleep that comes after. It is a delightful experience.

At such seasons the leading professional in the big Southwest, on far Southern courses, at Hot Springs and in California, are playing daily. It is a time of great golfing activity, perhaps even greater than in the summertime but without the seal of officialdom. In fact winter golf belongs to an entirely different category. There are pleasant little tournaments for the casual sojourners at winter resorts and big purses for professionals. This constant playing throughout the winter means that the big official Open events can be played early in the season, at a time when most amateurs, and the stay-at-home professionals, are just beginning to get in shape.

XLI

THE KNIGHT OF THE MYSTIC MIDIRON

By BARRIE PAYNE

THE Knight of the Mystic Midiron approached Dubbing Castle aboard his yellow charger (horse, not taxicab) and pulled up in front of the moat. "What ho!" he yelled.

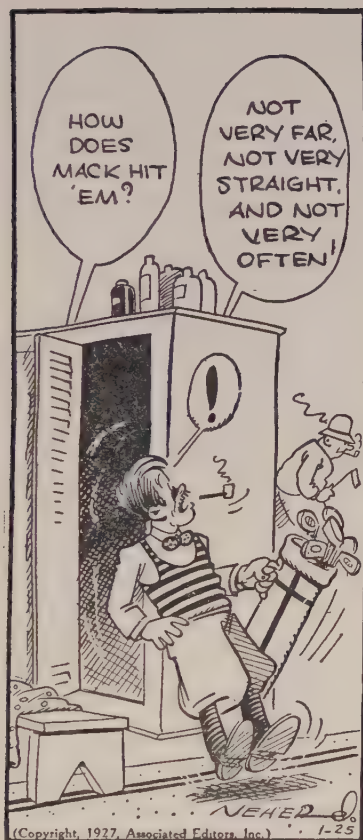
"No ho at all," replied the vassal in charge of the drawbridge. "Get thee hence—the hencer the better."

Whereupon the Knight yelled "Pooh-pooh for the water hazard!" and, putting spurs to his steed, cleared the moat on the carry.

The Lord of the Castle lay dreaming of a hole-in-one when he was suddenly awakened by the clatter of hoofs in his bedroom. The Knight of the Mystic Midiron dismounted and hitched his steed to the bedpost while the Lord stared in amazement.

"Hold, varlet, whatinell meanest thou?" yelled the Lord of the Castle, "—driving in here without yelling Fore?"

"Didst thou not offer rich lands and the hand of thy daughter in marriage to him that cured thy chronic slice?" asked the Knight.



(Copyright, 1927, Associated Editors, Inc.)

1-25

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

"Ah, another sap come hither to make the futile attempt!" exclaimed his Lordship. "Fair enough. But mark ye well the penalty of failure——"

"Yea, I am aware of that. If I fail 'tis my privilege to wear the handsome hemp necktie and do a dance on nothing. But in the bright lexicon of this dauntless knight there's no such word as fail."

A half hour later they stood on the first tee of the Lord's private course. "Again let me warn thee against trying the old bromides," said the Lord. "Advancing the left foot, gripping further to the right—all the old stock remedies have been tried and all have flopped."

"Thy trouble is mental," said the Knight. "So oft has thou sliced that thou fearest a slice. The picture of a slice stays fixed in thy bean. The muscles try to execute what the mind pictures—not what the will orders—so thou gettest a slice. The solution, then, is to think a straight ball—concentrate on the mental picture of a correct stroke."

So the Lord teed his ball and smote the old pill right lustily, concentrating on a straight ball. Lo and behold it went straight down the center aisle and nestled on the old hearthrug dead to the flag!

"Verily, thou winnest the hand-painted maiden and the real estate!" yelled the Lord, enthusiastically. "Vassal, bring my daughter forth or fifth!"

So presently the daughter appeared.

"Zounds and od bodkins!" cursed the Knight. "A less comely wench it has ne'er been my misfortune to

look upon. Her face is like unto an unplayable lie, her nose hath too much loft, and her double chin resembleth the bunkers on the Twelfth at Lido." Turning to the Lord the Knight quoth as follows:

"Sire, I have cured thy slice, but let's pretend I haven't."

"What!" yelled the Lord in astonishment. "In that case thou wouldst incur the death penalty. Art thou mad?"

"Not at all. That's my decision, if 'tis all the same to you."

So the Knight was hanged and they all golfed happily ever after.

(The moral of which is something or other, I forget what.)

XLII

ONE IN A TRILLION

By BARRIE PAYNE

ONCE upon a time there was a golfer who had a perfect wife.

When he told how his drive on the Sixth hit the pin, described in detail his birdie on the Tenth that should have been an eagle, and drew a diagram of the heelprint that ruined his shot on the Twelfth, she listened with rapt attention and begged him to tell the story all over again.

She applauded his many shots on The Nineteenth and said she just adored the odor of gin.

When, after being held up by a funeral procession threesome, he arrived home late for dinner, she kissed him and said, "I'm so glad you took plenty of time for your game. Why didn't you stay and play nine more holes?"

In reply to his dutiful request to play with him on Sunday The Perfect Wife said, "I'm sorry, dear, but I've got a foursome arranged with three other ladies. I hope you don't mind."

One day he broke his pet mashie on a hidden rock

and came home heart-broken. Instead of the usual "Well, what of it? Can't you buy another?" his peerless mate wept sympathetically and offered to wear mourning for the dear departed.

The Wonder Woman was constantly urging him to play more golf, even at the risk of neglecting his business. "Golf means health," she said, "and health is more important than money."

If she happened to be present when he hit a long drive she always cried, "Attaboy! Two-eighty right down the middle!" instead of the customary "Where did it go? Into the rough? I didn't see it."

This Miracle of Femininity never tried to putt with a driver. She never attempted an explosion-shot with a brassie. She never lingered in the fairway on a crowded course to pick four-leaf clovers. She never chose a moment in the middle of his swing to remind him that his tie was twisted. She never laughed when he topped one into the creek.

When she dubbed a shot she invariably blamed herself. She always said, "I guess I didn't do what you told me" instead of "I did exactly as you said and look what happened! As a golf instructor you're the worst foul ball in the National League."

When her ball was lost she immediately said, "Let 'em go through" instead of "Let 'em wait. They shouldn't be so impatient."

When he came home tired after playing thirty-six holes she usually said, "I'll phone the Smiths we can't

THAT NEW
GREEN IS
NOT OPEN
YET BUT
MARSHALL
WAS
PLAYING
- IT - HOW
COME?

HE WAS
DRUNK,
SIR - AND
HE TOOK 24
PUTTS BEFORE
HE FOUND
THERE WASN'T
NO CUP ON
THE GREEN
!



(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors, Inc.)

ALMON FOLEY
LIBRARY

play bridge tonight. You ought to get some sleep."

Another of her favorite remarks: "I wrote mother not to come this month. I knew you were busy with golf and wouldn't have time to entertain her."

When her husband happened to mention the name of Bobby Jones she didn't ask, "Who's Bobby Jones?"

On a certain occasion she sent him this telegram: "Our house burned down today, but don't worry. We managed to save your golf clubs."

As I remarked in the beginning, once upon a time there was a golfer who had a perfect wife.

All fairy tales begin with "Once upon a time——."

XLIII

THE HAZARDS OF GOLF

By BARRIE PAYNE

SHE was a stranger. I had never seen her before. When she stepped out on the first tee I could see she was a beautiful girl. But what of it? I've seen and slept through too many musical comedies to get excited over a nifty form or face. And when you've seen one pair of legs you've seen 'em all. (Now you tell one.) I watched her indifferently as she teed her ball and started playing a "lonesome."

But when she smit the old egg I came to life with a bang. Sufferin' shades of St. Andrews, how that girl could drive! She smacked the little olive right down the center aisle for 220 yards and dropped it right on the old hearth rug two feet from the pin!

That was something else again! I sprang up and hastened after her. I overtook this wonderful creature in the middle of the fairway.

"Marry me, please," I said. "My name's Muggs."

Did she pull the old "so sudden" crack? Yes, she didn't.



MY
CADDY
WAS
INJURED
THIS
MORNING
!

CAN'T
YOU
HAVE A
NEW
SHAFT
PUT IN
IT?

NEHER

(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors, Inc.) 8-6

LEON COLLEGE
LIBRARY

"Well, Chick Evans is right," she said. "Anything can happen in golf."

She dropped a ball in the fairway and handed me her brassie. "Hit it," she commanded.

Under stress of excitement I grabbed the club and swung, hardly realizing what I was doing. I was lucky. The ball traveled two hundred yards, bit into the green with just the right degree of backspin, and stopped a foot from the pin.

"Yes, I'll marry you," she said. So that was that!

"But another little matter will have to be settled first," she added. "See that old gentleman over there—the one carrying the golf bag with long whiskers?"

"Yea, verily. I observe the said bimbo lurking in ambush."

"You'll have to get his consent," she said.

"Your father, eh? Wait here—I'll be right back."

I approached the old bird and spake thus, without mincing words:

"Sir, I wish to marry your beautiful daughter, Miss—Miss—the girl over there—I forgot to ask her name, but it doesn't matter since her label is about to be changed anyhow."

"Suits me," he said. "You can't make me mad. But you've made a slight mistake. I'm not her father. I'm only her husband!"

Zowie! What's a good snappy answer to that one?

"That—er—that complicates matters a bit," I stam-

mered. "As a general rule a husband is rather particular as to whom his wife marries, is he not?"

"Not me. You can have her and welcome. She can divorce me and all will be Jake along the Potomac, as Milton used to say. Just one thing I ask. When you have your wedding I want to give the bride away. Think what a grand publicity stunt that will be. 'Ex-Husband Gives Bride Away At Wedding.'"

A month later my new wife and I were playing our first game together. Her first shot was a miserable slice.

"Listen, dear," she said. "I've a confession to make. That drive I made the day you proposed was the first good drive I've made in a year."

It took me only a moment to prepare the correct answer:

"And that good brassie shot of mine was my first good brassie shot in a lifetime, and probably my last. Try to trump over that one," I said.

At this critical juncture her ex-meal-ticket approached the first tee accompanied by a very beautiful woman. "Howdy, folks," he said. "Allow me to present Grace Grifle, champion woman golfer of the state and—thanks to you who have made it possible—my new wife!"

"You win, old timer," I said. "Pick up the marbles."

XLIV

THE CADDIES' PART IN A MATCH

By CHICK EVANS

WHEN a big golf match is in progress all eyes are riveted upon the two players and what they are doing, what fate befalls their drives, their iron shots and their putts, are of supreme interest to us. Accompanying them are two silent bearers of golf clubs whose acts are of no importance to the gallery unless they happen to do something radically wrong; but the actions of these young boys or men are of the utmost importance to the players. In fact no one can so completely affect the game of the player himself as his caddie.

Only the player can tell you how much a good caddie means to him. His advice may be of the best but that after all is the least important part of his service. He knows his player's game, the clubs he is likely to use for different shots; he knows his tempers too and all the little things that are most likely to influence his game for good or ill. He is always waiting at the tee instead of gossiping with other caddies who are imitating swings down in the caddie yard, or perhaps gazing up at

some player. In other words he should know that he is *your* caddie and act accordingly. The good caddie shows skill in the management of his bag and in the care of the golf balls. He knows where to stand, when to talk, when to be silent, when to be cheerful and when to be sympathetic, but both cheerfulness and sympathy can be overdone. It is because a regular caddie knows the peculiarities of his player that generally speaking he is more useful in a tournament than a caddie taken at random, but that is not always the case. Sometimes a boy that one has never seen before enters into one's game with a sympathy and understanding that carries both the player and caddie to success. For the success of the player is also the success of the caddie and few players have ever succeeded under the handicap of a gloomy, easily discouraged caddie.

I believe that I know the caddie from every viewpoint. I have been in his place and I owe much to him. I am writing, however, rather of a caddie in a special role than in the general sense. No one has ever had more reason to be grateful to his caddie in special matches than I.

I have had all sorts of caddies and almost without exception I have liked them and found their services good. Of course I have seen many bad caddies but they were always the caddies of other men. I have tried always to respect the feelings and the morals of my caddies and I feel that they have repaid me a hundred fold. I have always felt sure of their loyalty and have

never had occasion to regret any confidence that I have placed in them. There are more caddies than there are golfers in the United States and, unlike those of Great Britain, they are young boys. So the players, if they expect to do their duty to the future generation, must be especially mindful of the manner in which they are treated.

No championship, no tournament in which I ever played, whether won or lost, ever came back to my mind unaccompanied by the thought of my caddie in the event. He was always an integral part of it. As I said before, I think that my caddies have been uniformly good. They have made mistakes, of course, but not as many, perhaps, as I have made myself. There was one boy who was especially lucky for me. He was the caddie who carried me through my best year—the year of the double crown. He was a cheerful, blonde boy, showing his Swedish ancestry in every feature. No misfortune was ever gloomy enough to discourage him. I had only been practicing with him for a short time before I left for Minneapolis and that practice had been most discouraging. But from the moment that we reached Minneapolis my game began to look up and “Shorty” grew radiant. My final victory made him very happy but he never lost his head. Then during the week of the National Amateur in Philadelphia, when there were some untoward moments, he was still the cheerful, accommodating youngster upon whom I felt sure that I could depend. He was partisan, of course,

for the good caddie is a strong partisan. He is for his man from the beginning to the end of the match; but for that very reason my final advice to my caddie before the game begins is never to do the least thing that could affect the game of the other fellow. Many times they have had much provocation from the conduct of the other man's caddie and indeed, I am very sorry to say, sometimes from the other man himself. Of course such advice is only necessary with a new caddie.

I went to the Engineers Club for the 1920 National Amateur Championship. A prepossessing boy met me down the road and asked if he could caddy for me. I liked his looks and agreed to take him then and there, but discovered that he was under some sort of a penalty and I had to get special permission from the club to employ him. I never had a more faithful caddie than this George Inge, and in my strenuous match with Reggie Lewis that came so near to permanent disaster his grief for my fate touched me deeply and his joy in my victory at the end of the week touched me still more deeply and gave me much pleasure.

One of my first regular caddies was Walter Johnson who carried me through to victory in my interscholastic events and in the Western Open Championship. Then there was "Shaky" who used to catch long iron shots on the fly when I was practicing. There was "Jeff" Adams who brought me to success in many a Western. He is now a professional at some club and I am sure that he is just as successful in that work as he was in caddying.

THEY CALL GOLF AN
OLD MAN'S GAME—



— BECAUSE IT TAKES
EIGHTY YEARS TO
LEARN IT!



(Copyright, 1926, Associated Editors, Inc.)

11-17

ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

And then there was good, faithful and efficient Donald Dumper who helped me to defeat Bobby Jones in his own stronghold.

I have only mentioned a few of the most conspicuous of my caddies. I would like to give the whole list of them, if time and space allowed, for I realize more perhaps than other men how much a good caddie means in a championship.

XLV

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLF

By BARRIE PAYNE

“WE need a new clubhouse.”

“Yeah! Sure we need a new clubhouse like a centipede needs more legs.”

“What’s the matter with you? Don’t you believe in Progress?”

“Not when it nicks me a thousand dollar assessment. Going bankrupt is not my idea of progress.”

“But the value of your membership will increase in proportion.”

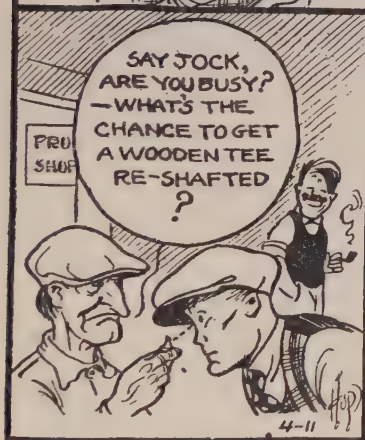
“What good will that do, when I don’t intend to sell it?”

“But we need a new dance floor, a——”

“Is this a golf club or a dancing school, I ask you? I joined out here to play golf. If I wanted to trip the light fanjazzic I could do it a damsite cheaper in a gilded mad-house up town.”

“But we also need new locker rooms——”

“Sure. This one’s not flossy enough. We gotta hire an interior decorator. We gotta have gold lockers, a platinum floor and attendants in purple velvet. We



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

gotta buy Buckingham Palace and move it down here to take a bath in. An ordinary tile roof won't keep the rain out. A towel won't dry you when it's furnished by an attendant in white linen—he's gotta dress like General Pershing, and——"

"Aw, shut up. The faucets in this old bath room don't work right and you know it. You can't regulate 'em. The water's either red hot or ice cold and——"

"Fine logic! Because the water faucets are on the blink we gotta tear down the clubhouse. My car's gotta dirty spark plug, so I gotta junk the old bus. My wife's got an abcessed tooth, so I chloroform her and marry again."

"But we need a new dining room, improved service——"

"Sure! Tack on frills, so we can enjoy the glorious privilege of paying two dollars for a lunch that now costs fifty cents."

"But our clubhouse would have a higher social standing if we had the proper facilities for——"

"I'm not interested in the kinda social standing that carries a price tag. If my rating in the social register has gotta be based on the amount of money I throw away——"

"But think how much more comfortable——"

"Wrong again. Financial solvency is my favorite comfort. It would take a hellavalot of gilded folderols to compensate me for a flattened bankroll."

"Well, here's an argument that ought to appeal to

you. The woman question. If the women had a nice clubhouse, a place to play bridge and amuse themselves, a lot of them would stay off the course on Sunday and——”

“You’re a fine guy to kick about the women cluttering up the course! I saw a woman’s foursome go through you one day while you were playing alone! You wasn’t moving fast enough to stay out of their way. Laugh that off!”

“Aw, shut up, you big——”

“The whole theory of the thing is wrong, I tell you. My idea of a country club is a place where a man can get back to nature, revert to the primitive, so to speak, and escape from the jazz, the folly and the gilded frills of the city. If you’ve got to drag the jazz and frills along with you you might as well stay in town! Why call it a ‘country club’ when you come out here and build yourself another city?”

XLVI

I WOULD A IF I COULD A PUTTED

By BARRIE PAYNE

TEN Thousand Ifs and Buts—A Book of Golf Alibis,” by Golfer Griffin McGoof, is a handy reference book of vest-pocket size, appropriately bound in bullhide, which I heartily recommend to golfers. I examined the contents and was much pleased. The golfer who carries it with him around the course will find it very useful. It furnishes a ready excuse for every conceivable blunder, all indexed and alphabetically arranged, with concordances, footnotes and cross references.

I skipped about through the book, selecting alibis at random. My selections are quoted below to give you an idea as to the contents of the volume:

“—if that bee hadn’t stung me right in the middle of my swing——”

“—but my fingers were slippery with perspiration and the club turned in my hand. (See also albs. for mid-iron shots, p. 55 ff.)”

“—but a fly lit on the ball while I was swinging and distracted my attention and——”

“—but a lump of mud was sticking to the ball,
so——”

“—if I didn’t have this terrible headache (backache, toothache, earache, noseache, chinache).”

“—but the blinkety-blank ball was in a blinkety-blink heelprint left by some blink-blank——”

“—but I had a hanging lie and——”

“—if the caddie hadn’t sneezed. (Cf. ‘Alibis for Use on the Green,’ p. 93.)

“—wearing some new glasses today and I haven’t got used to them yet.”

“—couldn’t see this trap from where I shot and I forgot it was here.”

“—but the head of my jigger was lose on the shaft.”

“—but a drop of rain struck me in the eye while I was swinging.”

“—the air was still when I hit the ball, but a wind came up suddenly while it was in the air and swept it into the rough.”

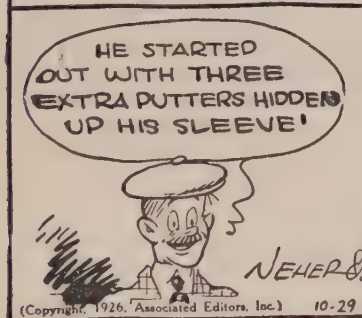
“—I left my favorite mashie in the shop to be repaired and I’m absolutely helpless without it.”

“—positive that my ball got across the creek. It must have struck a rock and bounced back.”

“—forgot to count that one I missed on the tee. Maybe I did take a seven.”

“—but my sweater’s too tight and I can’t take a free swing.”

“—caddie gave me the wrong club and I didn’t notice



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

it until I got ready to shoot. I hated to make him walk all the way back, so——”

“—but the greens are so much faster than usual that——”

“—but my club hit a big bush on the backswing and——”

“—couldn’t get any stance and had to stand on my head to play the blamed thing, so——”

“—but the ball was lying on a rock and I was afraid to take a full swing.”

“—but the ball moved while I was swinging and——”

“—but my hands were numb from the cold and I couldn’t grip the club.”

“—but the ball was lopsided and wouldn’t roll straight.”

“—but I caught sight of the caddie’s shadow while I was putting and——”

XLVII

DOCTOR BOGEY

By BARRIE PAYNE

IN our humble opinion golf, when indulged in sensibly, is an exercise beneficial at all stages of life, from the kiddie car to the hearse. A friend of ours whom we shall call Jones because his real name is Johnson throws some light on the subject by telling his own experience. His story follows below. While somewhat exaggerated, we know it to be true in substance.

“Two years ago I was the sole support of twenty-seven orphan doctors. I had every disease known to the medical profession and several new ones that I had invented and patented myself. The doctors divided my ailments among them according to the alphabet. The first one treated all diseases beginning with **A**—asthma, appendicitis, arterio-sclerosis, et cetera. The next one handled all the ills beginning with **B**—Bright’s disease, biliousness, boils, bunions, and so forth. Number twenty-seven treated all maladies yet unnamed and unclassified. The doctors worked on me in four daily shifts of six hours each, each stopping when the whistle blew to make



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

room for the next. The undertakers and embalmers flooded my mail with circulars. After I had hung on for several months one of the funeral directors got out an injunction, claiming I was holding out on him.

"One day when I had a new doctor examine me, I asked him to be perfectly frank. He tried to be as cheerful as possible. He said, 'Well, I find, that your left great toe is in perfect condition.' But I continued to hang on, to the great surprise of all my physicians. My "A" doctor greeted me one morning with—"Great guns, Jones, haven't they buried you yet?" 'Don't be so impatient,' I said. 'You'll get your rake-off from the undertaker in good time.' My wife had already bought her a black dress. She tried it on one morning, asked me how she looked in it, then bawled me out for not appearing properly enthusiastic. Try to trump over that one!

"In addition to medicine I tried mind treatments, psycho-this, psycho-that and countless isms and cults. I took up every conceivable system of physical development and gave each what I considered a fair test. Dumb-bell exercises, calisthenics, deep breathing—what not? —And grew steadily worse.

"One day I staggered into a lawyer's office to make my will. In the course of our talk he advised me to take up golf. 'I'll take a whack at it,' I said. 'I may as well die on a golf course as anywhere else.'

"A week later my career as a golfer began. My first tee shot happened to be a good one—two hundred yards right down the middle! Whee! I had added one more

disease to my list—an acute attack of golfitis! I immediately forgot that I was practically a corpse and hastened after that little pill, wholly intent on making another good shot. Of course I didn't do it, but I had a good time for the next hour dubbing around the course.

"When I reached home that night my wife greeted me with the usual—'Well, dear, how are you feeling? Dr. Smith just called and——'"

"'Listen,' I said, 'I shot a seventy-four on the first nine. I came near making a par on Number Six. I'll tell you how I did it. I dubbed my first shot into the rough, but recovered with my midiron and pitched my mashie shot dead to the pin. My first putt——'"

"'Oh, God, his mind is going too!' My wife screamed. Being unfamiliar with golf language, she thought I was delirious.

"To shorten a long story, I was a new man at the end of two months. A golfer becomes so absorbed in his bunkers, creeks and ditches that he soon forgets all his other troubles. I never knew exactly how it happened. All I know is that I awakened one morning and suddenly realized that I was a well man.

"Perhaps medical treatment, calisthenics and so forth, would have done more good than golf in the case of the average man, but the royal and ancient pastime proved to be the solution in my case, and my motto now is this: 'If you've got one foot in the grave put the other in a sand trap.'"

XLVIII

THE ANTI-GOLFER

By BARRIE PAYNE

EMERGENCY hints on "What To Do Till Payne's Golf Articles Come" having been requested by a trillion or so readers, I offer this suggestion: Read the other side of the argument occasionally. Yeah, the anti-golf side. Even an anti-golfer is entitled to his own wrong opinion. No law is in effect forbidding him to be wrong, so let him go to it. It might not be amiss to print here a few samples of the chatter handed out by those who scorn golf. Then maybe you can tell me how they get that way.

"A golfer looks like a polo player that has lost his horse."

"Croquet is a better game because you don't have to walk a mile between strokes. The only reason the average American prefers golf is because it affords him a better opportunity to throw his money away."

"Too much walking to make a good game and just enough game to spoil a good walk." (This was a good line the first ten years they used it.)

"A golf course is a colorful place—the green grass, the black looks, the blue air, the dark brown taste, the yellow sand, etc."

"I won't flatter it by calling it an old man's game. It's an old woman's game."

"If you **MUST** spend your time digging holes in the earth why not join a construction gang and get paid for it?"

"A golfer spends half an hour waiting for a train, one hour on the train, two hours waiting for the first tee, three hours of actual play, another half hour waiting for the train, another on the train, loses twenty dollars, spends ten and thinks he's had a whale of a fine time. Golfers seem to be past masters at the art of self-kidding."

"They pay four hundred dollars a year for the privilege of knocking a chunk of rubber into a tin can with a lopsided stick."

"No, thanks. I'll do my hiking on the roads and save my money."

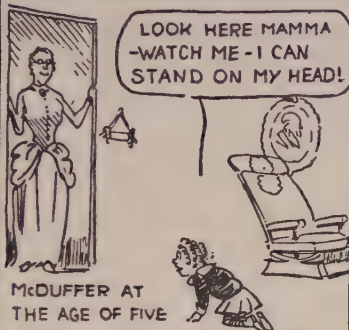
"I'll take tennis for mine. It looks like bad sportsmanship to hit a ball when it's sitting still—like hitting a mother rabbit on her nest."

"No golf for me. I've bought a second-hand automobile and I need all my profanity for that."

"It takes ten years to learn it—and life's too short. Each stroke subtracted from your score costs you a year's time and a thousand dollars."

"Thanks, I think I'll stick to some game where you

THEY NEVER GROW UP



McDUFFER AT
THE AGE OF FIVE



McDUFFER
TODAY

don't have to buy three counties and a township to play it."

"No. I have enough troubles with my wife as it is, without trying to sneak away to a golf course every Sunday."

"Why should I go to a golf course and hire a caddie to laugh at me when I can stay at home and have my wife do it free of charge?"

"I hate a game where you have to keep silent. I'd rather attend a nice lively funeral."

"If I leave off golf and do my drinking at home I won't have to give away three-quarts out of every gallon. That's the way I figure it."

"The average modern golf club distributes its funds in a foolish way, it seems to me. It spends a hundred thousand or more on the course and a million on the clubhouse—and you can't play golf in the clubhouse."

"It's a game played by rich men—and by poor men who were rich when they took it up."

XLIX

A GOLFING PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By BARRIE PAYNE

SOME day I intend to write a Golfing Pilgrim's Progress——

Telling how the Golfing Pilgrim set out to reach the Celestial City of Par over a course called Difficulty.

Describing his trouble on the first hole where he dubbed his tee shot into a creek known as The Slough of Despond.

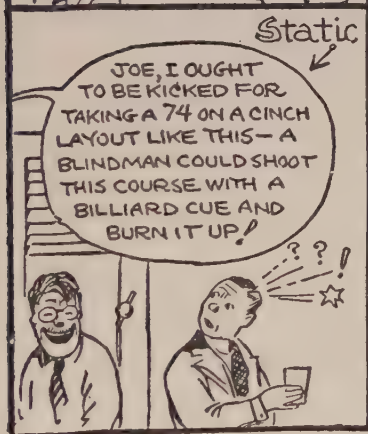
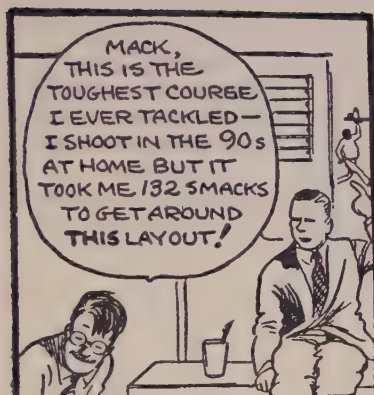
Telling how he played his ball, with fear and trembling, from the top of a high cliff called Doubting Castle while the Giant Despair leered at him from behind a tree.

How he was forced to travel for a long way with a disagreeable fellow named Hi Handicap.

Telling of his wonderful brassie shot over the Delectable Mountains.

How he frequently descended into the Valley of the Shadow of Dubb.

How a man called Pro set him on the right track at last and headed him for the Celestial City of Par.



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

How Pro introduced him to two good fellows named Lessons and Practice who agreed to act as his guides.

Then describing how the Golfing Pilgrim, lured by a beautiful siren called Present Pleasure, strayed from the Straight and Narrow Fairway. And how her two handmaidens, Allplay and Nopractice, dragged him through the rough month after month.

Telling how he came at length to a wicked city called Vanity Fairway, where he fell prey to many tricksters, buying non-slice drivers, non-hook jiggers, 400-yard balls and "Knickers That Make You Look Almost Human"—all to no purpose.

How, in Vanity Fairway, he became acquainted with many queer characters: Talkative, Boresome, Mendacity, Mr. Caddycusser, Mr. Must-Have-Quiet, Mr. Constant-Advice, Mr. Gamble-Heavy, Mr. T'ell-With-The-Rules, Mr. Gimme-A-Stroke-A-Hole, Mr. Club-Smasher and two energetic, bustling fellows who seemed to be everywhere at once—Mr. Profanity and Mr. Alibi.

Telling how the Pilgrim, after leaving Vanity Fairway, stumbled into a deep pit and was forced to fight the terrible Sand Dragon, barely escaping with his life.

I repeat. Some day I intend to write a Golfing Pilgrim's Progress telling——

How the Pilgrim sent a telegram to the Pro, saying:

"You warned me to stick to the Straight and Narrow Fairway. No can do. Am on a dog-leg hole. Wire further instructions."

How his progress toward the Celestial City of Par was further blocked by a group of crawling and creeping reptiles known as a Slow Foursome.

How, after weeks had run into months and months into years, one day he suddenly remembered—"By Jove! I've got a wife and child. No—yes—yes—I remember now. I have got a wife and child! But it's too late to do anything about it. My wife's probably married again by this time—Fore! Where did that one go, caddie? Outabounds?"

Some day I intend to write a Golfing Pilgrim's Progress, telling—great guns!—I just now realized it—I've already told it.

(A friend of mine, after reading this article, said, "The writer of the original Pilgrim's Progress spent twelve years in jail and—" but I refused to listen.)

L

HELPLESS HINTS TO GOLFERS

By BARRIE PAYNE

THE names of my questioners, omitted here for lack of space, will be revealed on request.

Q. I've been slicing my divots lately. Last fall I could drive a divot further than anybody else in our club. But the old skill has left me. What's to do?

A. Tee the divot on top of the ball where you can get a good whack at it.

Q. Why should a man spend several hundred dollars a year for the privilege of walking around a big pasture and cussing when, for a fraction of the cost, he could buy a second-hand automobile, get to walk twice as far, and have three times as much to cuss about?

A. I'll bite. Why?

—Q. The standard apology, after driving into the players ahead, is "I didn't think I could drive that far." But this explanation has been overworked. Can you suggest something new?

A. Tell them, "I thought I could drive over you." This ought to make a big hit.

Q. Can you suggest some simple and easy way of learning to play golf?

A. These 300-page books on golf make the thing ridiculously simple. All you've got to do is recite the 300 pages to yourself during the downswing of your stroke. This will insure you against omitting any important detail of the swing.

Q. My opponent coughed yesterday while I was addressing the ball. He would have been forty years old next week. But I'm not sure that my procedure was correct. What do the rules say? And where's the best place to hide the body.

A. Take a firm stance in front of your opponent, the right foot slightly advanced. Wrap the fingers of both hands tightly about his neck, using either the overlapping or interlocking grip—whichever feels most natural. Keep both arms stiff. Gradually increase the pressure until the desired result is obtained.

Q. How can I cure myself of the habit of alternately topping and hitting under the ball?

A. To cure topping you should kneel down and make the swing with both knees resting on the ground, the right knee slightly advanced. The habit of hitting under the ball may be remedied in two ways: (a) Stand on a stool or chair while making the swing; (2) have your arms shortened.

Q. When, if at all, is it proper to choke a club?

A. Never. If you must choke something, choke the caddie.



ALBION COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Q. What are the fundamental principles upon which all the professionals agree?

A. That nine out of ten golfers should quit the game and take up push-pin, tiddledy-winks or mumbley peg.

Q. What causes me to hook?

A. Hookworms. Or perhaps you're dropping your left ear and swinging your tonsils through ahead of the club.

Q. What's the proper grip for the full blankety-blank?

A. Both hands should be tightly clenched, thumbs overlapping the forefingers. The mouth should be kept wide open and the tongue snapped through at the bottom of the swing. The arms should be held stiff and pointed toward the heavens.

Q. Our course is too easy. Would you kindly offer some suggestions for making it harder?

A. Play with egg-shaped balls. Make the cups smaller than the ball. Place all the greens out of bounds.

Q. I can't afford to support both a wife and a golf club. How can I get rid of her?

A. Be patient. We'll have slot-machine divorces in another year. Drop a nickel in a slot and a divorce rolls out.

Q. I've read millions of pages on golf. The more I read the worse my game becomes. What would you advise?

A. Reading golf dope ruins your game, so you ask me

to write some more golf dope for you to read. Help! Help!

Q. I've tried every stick in the bag, except a stick of dynamite, and can't get the ball off the tee. What's the answer?

A. Use the dynamite. When a ball flies into pieces you are permitted, under the rules, to play your next shot from the point where any piece lies. One of the pieces might fall into the cup, giving you a hole in one. And there's nothing in the rules against using dynamite.

Q. Kindly explain to me whyinell the people of the United States deliberately built the two largest cities of America in climates where it is impossible to play golf during six months of the year?

A. It's my time to ask you.

Q. Where can I sell my clubs? I've decided to give up golf.

A. Very good. Jevver hear the one about the two Irishmen, Abe and Ikey?

Q. I've lost my rule book. Please quote rule No. 5,987,098,564, Section XXIVMMCLX, Article Q.

A. If, in the act of dropping, the ball touch the player, he shall incur no penalty and may re-drop. If the circumference of the player's middle sector is so large as to make it impossible for him to drop the ball without hitting himself, the caddy may drop it for him.

350

a

